

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 24

Greensburg, Indiana

March 13, 1965

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1965

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* * * *

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

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OCCASION: Spring meeting
SPEAKER: Mr. Hubert Stuhrenberg
TIME: Thursday night, April
1st. 8:00 P.M. E.S.T.
PLACE: Billings Elementary
School, W. Washington
Street, Greensburg,
Indiana

The long-time city editor of the Greensburg Daily News, a member of the library board and a student of local history, Mr. Stuhrenberg is eminently qualified to speak on a subject seldom discussed--EARLY NEWSPAPERS. That Greensburg once had seven weekly newspapers published simultaneously is a fact for Mr. Stuhrenberg to prove. This will be his second appearance before the Society.

PLEASE NOTE--You are urged to bring early newspapers, old magazines and almanacs for display... There is to be another feature too--a surprise!

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU WISH!
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past."--

Patrick Henry 1775

THE LAST MEETING - It is not intended here to review the annual dinner meeting of the Society except to say as the one hundred sixty attending would agree--that it was the highlight of the year. But the table decorations do deserve further mention. Never was so much done with so little. How one could take ordinary Indiana weeds (and fruits) and arrange such a colorful display was a topic for conversation in itself. We were told that the "bird of paradise" came from the unicorn plant. That the red berries were from the multiflora rose--a rose now regarded as a nuisance but plentiful and abundant. Canadian thistle also abundant had a more refined name--teasel. The long pods were okra, so much used in today's decor. The corn was of two varieties--you guessed it--good old Indiana yellow dent with a generous helping of

the Indian variety in all its shades and hues. The decorations truly were the work of artists. Serving on that committee were Mrs. Jessie Brown and Mrs. Charles Walls. The speaker's table, appropriately too, had for its display Indian artifacts, these from the collection of Mr. Ivan Bailey.....We would be remiss here if we didn't recognize the fine work of the outgoing president, Mr. Loren Garner (and his help-mate) as well as to welcome the incoming president, Mr. John Parker. Intensely interested and devoted to the Society he will not fail us. The Hon. Milford E. Anness spoke as only a Hoosier can--choosing for his subject COLORFUL INDIANA. A native of Franklin county, trained in journalism and law, the author of "SONG OF METAMORIS," Mr. Anness held his audience captive to the very last. It was an evening long to be remembered!

DECATUR COUNTY - FAVORITE OF MOTHER NATURE

The poet said "Ain't God Good to Indiana." Eastern Indiana people have said they are certain that portions in their area have been especially favored by nature's whims and further suggests that old mother nature may have concentrated on playing jokes or even poking fun in some cases, to see if her human products could react to producing.

Decatur County has a notorious reputation for some of these tricks of nature. First, it has boasted 35 degrees below zero on occasions and has been remarked as the coldest place in the state and one of the coldest in the nation, when there was no apparent reason for such a slide in temperature in this moderate climate. Second, there is the tree on the court house tower, a novelty to be sure, and a real eye catcher that is pointed to with pride. The tree has been around for so many years that, from habit, Greensburg wears it proudly like a plume on a hat or a badge of honor bestowed. Lastly, there is the whimsical gas situation and we do not mean politicians, we mean the kind of gas that comes out of the ground. However, it appears this last can be explained vaguely.

Many years before the turn of the century, parts of Indiana had an abundance of natural gas which was locally controlled. Towns and villages boasted their own gas companies, operated by local people who cared for the needs of the communities. Also, in those early days, farmers dug their own gas wells for private use and for source of power in operating their farms. The plentiful gas supply afforded many years of happy and prosperous existence for the inhabitants and quite enough to cope with any potential 35 degrees below zero weather, which finally did happen and caused a bit of notoriety.

Some years after the turn of the century old mother nature went on a strike, there was no more gas, it had played out, defunct except for a mere trickle in a few scattered areas. The trickle became less and less as the years passed and farmers plugged up their dead gas wells. Farmers were forced to seek other means of heating to take the place of the generous gift of mother nature that had by then become only a sad memory. At the same time 35 degrees below zero became a haunting catastrophe.

About this time, Public Utilities consolidated many of the community gas producers; the state collaborated with Texas oil companies to pipe gas into Indiana from the Texas oil fields. Big Inch and Little Inch pipe lines were laid across the nation from Texas to Pennsylvania and the east coast. The pipe lines crossed Decatur County about three miles south of Greensburg where one of their pumping stations is always on the job.

Texas just had so much gas she didn't know what to do with it, so a brilliant engineer conceived the idea of conservation. His plan was, that during the summer months, when customers along the Big Inch and Little Inch pipe lines were using the minimum of gas, the excess supply of Texas gas should be pumped back into the old abandoned reservoirs, along the way and kept there for emergencies. A number of these reservoirs were utilized across Indiana. One is under Decatur County and surrounding areas where the earth structure is composed of miles of porous limestone, generous sized rocky pockets to hold rich supplies of pumped in natural gas - "Texas gas, that is."

It is not known just who was the first land owner who, by chance, discovered that his privately owned dead gas wells had revived, had come to life and were again producing gas. Anyway the word got around and the whole area of Eastern Indiana was suddenly gas minded. If the country about was concerned about possible accident because of sitting a top a reservoir filled with gas, the concern was quickly dispelled, for the return of a plentiful supply of gas was comforting to think about. It provided against the haunting possibility of a temperature slide to 35 degrees below zero in this area where Greensburg already had a (bad) cold reputation.

How this area got so cold, that it even made world news, that service men overseas read about it in the Stars and Stripes, is a matter of conjecture. It could be anybody's guess that, when the ice sheet covered the northern hemisphere millenniums ago and moved southward leaving boulders strung across central Indiana like a line of demarkation at its melting point that it left a chunk of this same ice sheet buried under Decatur County where the Federal Weather Station is now located three miles south of Greensburg on the John Harmon farm. If that is the case the government failed on its classified information when it set up the weather apparatus without investigating the locale. So far as is known, no one has thought to dig down to see if a chunk of ice sheet is actually there and perpetually keeping the government weather record askew. However, someone in Washington may come up with an idea and they are bound to do something about it. They are avid about hot and cold situations.

Anyway Greensburg has tried to solve the problem of its cold reputation that may be unjustified. The City Dads have now established a new official weather station located at the Municipal Water Works pumping station. Escal S. Bennett, meteorologist in charge of the U. S. Weather Bureau's Indianapolis station at Weir-Cook Airport has given his stamp of approval as to its completeness and accuracy. We hope now that people can again be comfortable - they can turn up the gas, keep the feet good and warm - think how grateful we should be for the big generous state of Texas. We don't even mind the little dust they have blowing our way.

Jennie Starks McKee

ICE-SKATING MEMORIES--A recent announcement that a local group was interested in constructing an ice-skating rink in or near Greensburg gave me a little nostalgic thrill. It revived long-dormant memories of Milford's skating parties on Clifty in the early years of this century. Ante Sonje Heinie days.

Girls and boys from seven to seventy strapped their skates on high-topped shoes and sallied forth with grace and daring--with daring, anyway--and glided up and down, over and across the glassy surface of Clifty.

After school, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays and moon-lit nights--happy times, recalled now by some persons who may be addressed as Gran'dad or Gran'ma, or even with the prefix of "great."

Some of us got so good that we essayed fancy stunts on the ice. One incident I am not too happy to recall. It involved a swift current which never froze over, about five feet wide, rushing between the walls of thick ice. One bold youth, skating at high speed, leaped over the chasm. Following him closely, I also made a leap, but for a distance of probably four feet instead of five. The water was real cold. But, though burdened with the skates, overcoat and hat, I was able to swim to safety. If anyone cares to know, I survived.

I would, today, like to don a pair of skates. But my wife reminds me that, at eighty-one, I am already on thin ice.

--Greensburg Times

This extract is from Mrs. William Everson's HISTORY OF PLEASANT VALLEY CHURCH 1852-1926. The church and cemetery are located in Shelby county approximately two and one-half miles South of Waldron. Charles Major in writing his immortal boys story "THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER" some ten years later, describes the incident as follows--

"They felt the earth tremble beneath their feet, and they heard the frightful rumbling again; then a loud explosion like the boom of a hundred cannons; and the country for miles around was lighted as if by the mid-day sun."

Is there a boy who has not read "THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER"?--ed.

THE BLOW OUT

The Vanpelt cemetery being indissolubly linked with the Valley Church in the minds and hearts of the people of this community, it is deemed fitting that mention of it should have a place in this history.

The original plot was donated by the late Alexander Vanpelt, and the cemetery properly bears his name.

The cemetery is well kept, and serves the community for miles around, a beautiful city of the dead. No, "There is no death. What seems so is Transition." It is a spot where worn and weary bodies may rest a little while, to await the resurrection morn.

In connection with this little sketch of the cemetery, we will give an account of a most unusual incident which occurred on August 11, 1890.

About 9 o'clock a.m. the people in this vicinity were startled by the noise of a terrific explosion, and saw a shower of steaming water, mud, and stones rise high in the air and descend, immediately followed by a sheet of flame rising from, and running along the banks of Flat Rock river, and Conns creek.

Great excitement prevailed, the first thought in the minds of many, perhaps all, being that the end of the world was at hand.

Some dropped to their knees in prayer, some hurried to cellars to find protection from whatever danger might be imminent, while others acknowledged their inability, through fright, to move.

However, the first alarm soon passed and scores hastened to learn what had occurred. They found great cracks in the earth for a distance extending a half mile or more along the river banks, boulders thrown out upon the ground, trees uprooted, and the water disappearing into large fissures in the bed of the river. (Three days passed before the river flowed normally down stream.) The news spread rapidly, excursions were run from Indianapolis, Louisville, and Cincinnati, bringing among hundreds of others, many scientists anxious to find the solution of the phenomenon.

Many theories were advanced, that of natural gas finding its way through the crevices in the rock until it had formed a pocket of such volume that it burst through, being finally accepted as the correct one, and all fear of a repetition passed away.

The story of the upheaval was greatly exaggerated; published articles stating that the graveyard had been shaken up, and skeletons thrown out upon the ground, thus causing much anxiety and sorrow to those living at a distance whose friends are buried there. As a matter of fact, the cemetery was entirely unharmed, the damage on that side of the river being outside the fence, where trees, rocks, and gravel were dislodged from the large bluff and rolled into the river.

Shortly before this occurrence a minister preaching in the little church had said that "Hell was not a half mile away." Mr. Edmund Cooper, who lived opposite the cemetery, said that when he saw the flames shooting two hundred feet high, he decided it was correct.

PEOPLE'S SAY SO

Editor,
Daily News:

The diminishing ratio of medical practioners to population in Indiana, recognized as an alarming situation, is particularly acute in counties where rural population is greater than that of urban areas. And Decatur County is one of these.

Professional authorities agree that a ratio of 1,000 potential patients to one doctor is a safe and conservative proportion. Decatur County,

with a population of 20,000, now has nine physicians. At the turn of the century this county had 52, and the population was about 4,000.

Both these proportions are, as the politicians say, unrealistic and unreasonable.

In 1900 several of those in active practice had not completed their medical college, and at least five were not legally licensed. Of Decatur County's present nine physicians one is a specialist and does no general treatment of diseases. Three, I believe, do not accept obstetrical work.

The present ratio of doctors to population in Decatur County is about one to each 2,200 potential patients. Ameliorating this situation somewhat is the fact that a considerable number of citizens prefer to have their ills treated by chiropractic or osteopathic methods.

Recent state-wide surveys have disclosed some of the facts responsible for the present ill-adjusted situation. Indiana now has only one medical school, and it is overcrowded. A writer in the Indianapolis Star comments: "The medical school and the medical profession have been accused of running a 'closed shop,' that enrollments are deliberately kept low to keep physicians in short and expensive supply." The A. M. A. reports that 27 Indiana students enrolled this year outside the state.

This state's licensing procedures are known to be among the most restrictive in the United States, being especially tough on graduates from other states who wish to enter practice here. Another hindrance to a fuller output of competent doctors is the fact that faculty and student body frequently indulge in unnecessary, unrelated, sometimes fantastic, experiments which serve no purpose other than publicity in scientific journals.

On the other side of the ledger is the fact that many rural areas offer poor inducement to young doctors, particularly those counties that have no hospitals. They are expected to be on call 24 hours a day, often with long night drives. Greater incentives draw them to the populous centers, where they can be sure of better financial gain and modern facilities to provide wider experience.

MEDICAL PAST

A look at Decatur County's medical past may be of historical interest.

There are probably not now a dozen persons who have a personal recollection of Dr. William Reiley, who was in practice at Sardinia more than 80 years ago, and only a few more who remember his brother, "Doctor Jake." Both were physicians of the best grade in their day. Perhaps a few more will remember Dr. George Denny, who ended his practice at Alert in 1898. In Adams Township at that time were Drs. Jacks and Goff. Denny was succeeded by Norton and Esick at Alert.

At the beginning of the new century (1901) a book was issued by the state medical board recording the names of the 52 physicians then practicing in Decatur County. A copy of it has been obtained from

Dr. M. A. Tremain, who last year retired after completing 62 years work.

The list follows:

John H. Alexander, D. J. Ballard, Charles M. Beall, Condie E. Beck, John H. Bobbitt, J. M. Boyer, William Bracken, Ledyard C. Brunner, James P. Burroughs, Thomas J. Clark, C. A. Covert, George S. Crawford, Joseph B. Crisler, E. B. Crowell.

Francis M. Daily, Guy D. Doremus, R. T. Gephart, S. E. Givan, C. B. Grover, Thomas B. Gullefer, William Hause, J. Y. Hitt, S. B. Hitt, C. L. Howard, F. M. Howard, J. W. Howard, Loren A. Hyde, L. W. D. Jerman, H. Johnson, Thomas Johnston, Clarence Fay Kercheval, John Robert Love, Theophilis E. F. Miller, A. B. Morris, Harry N. Oldham, Ezra H. Pleak, J. H. S. Reiley, Elden T. Riley, I. M. Sanders, John L. Smith, R. M. Thomas, William Edgar Thomas, Oren K. Thompson, John M. Tobias, Milton Alvin Tremain, Milton C. Vest, Daniel W. Weaver.

William H. Webb, J. A. Welch, Oliver F. Welch, S. B. White, Harriett C. D. Wilson, William L. Wilson; J. M. Wood, William H. Wooden, Samuel V. Wright.

(s) Smiley Fowler

BOUND BOYS

In the early history of the county the law provided for the "binding out" of children who were thrown upon the county for support. The children were let out to the highest bidder, the one getting them agreeing to furnish them with food, clothing and shelter and give them such educational advantages as the schools of the neighborhood provided.

The following communication to H. H. Talbott, first county clerk, is preserved in the public library at Greensburg.

"Sir; I want you to draw a piece of writing, certifying that Stephen has served his time with me and is now a free man, and put the county seal thereon in order that he may not be interrupted in another state.

"October 14, 1824

Joseph Henderson."

It is possible that Stephen was a negro slave, but so far as positive information is concerned no slaves were ever held in Decatur Co.

The guardians of apprentice boys had to enter into a written agreement to do certain things, as is shown by the following agreement, taken from the court records of Decatur Co. :

Greensburg, Indiana

"This indenture, made the second day of August, 1830, Witnesseth that Merit Duncan, aged eleven years, eleven months and twenty-four days had by and with consent of James Floyd, guardian of the said Merit Duncan, and of his own free will hath placed and bound himself apprentice to Samuel Hood, wheelwright, of the county of Decatur and the state of Indiana, which trade the said Samuel Hood now useth, and with

him as an apprentice to dwell, continue to serve from the day of the date hereof until the full end and term of nine years at which time the said Merit Duncan will be twenty-one years of age, fully to be completely ended during which time the said apprentice his said master well and faithfully shall serve, his secrets kept, his lawfull commands gladly do and obey; hurt to his master he shall not do nor willingly suffer it to be done by others, but of the same to the utmost of his powers shall forthwith give notice to his said master; the goods of his said master he shall not embezzle or waste, nor lend them without his consent to any; at cards, dice or other unlawful games he shall not play; taverns or tipping shops he shall not frequent, fornication he shall not commit, matrimony he shall not contract; from the service of his said master he shall not at any time depart or absent himself without his master's leave, but in all things as a good and faithful apprentice shall and will demean himself and behave toward his master during said term.

"And the said Samuel Hood in the art trade or mystery of a wheelwright, which he now useth with all things thereunto belonging, shall and will teach and instruct or cause to be well and sufficiently taught and instructed after the best way and manner that he can; and shall and will find and allow unto his said apprentice meat, drink, washing and lodging and apparel, both linen and woolen and all other necessaries fit and convenient for said apprentice during the term aforesaid, and shall also cause the said apprentice within such term aforesaid, to be instructed to read and write and cypher as far as the single rule of three direct inclusive, and at the end of said term to give to said apprentice a good suit of Holy day cloths of broadcloth, a good hat, shoes, etc. In witness thereof the said parties hereunto set their hands and seals on the day and year above written.

James Floyd (His) Guardian
Merit Duncan (X) Boy
Samuel Hood (mark) Wheelwright

Attest: H. H. Talbott

By M. F.

DOES IT RAIN FISH? - It rained in New Point one summer afternoon some fifty years ago. Water ran in the streets and after the storm there were mud puddles enough to delight any boy. Horses with their hoofs made tracks and these when it rained made even more puddles. If memory serves us right, the phenomenon which I am to relate, occurred in front of U. G. Brown's store which was located on the main street in the town. There in a puddle after the storm which might have lasted an hour, they found live fish floundering in the water. I was told they were sun fish- "punkin seeds"- but that has no bearing on the story. The witnesses are all gone, but I had the word of my mother, who was there, that it had rained fish which were found in a puddle in front of Brown's store. So unusual in its aspect was the incident that she could hardly have imagined such a situation and certainly she didn't fabricate the story. Now the question arises how did the fish get there? This same question put to smart-aleck relatives drew these replies--"Well it rains fishing worms!" and another retort--"I have heard of it raining cats and dogs." No solution there. Personally I do not believe that it rains fish but I do believe that the facts as stated above are true. Now for my theory as to why the sunfish were

found in a puddle in the street and how they got there. Brown's store was located a quarter mile from and perhaps twenty feet above Tub Creek which flows through the town--upstream in other words from Tub Creek. The water that fell on the street naturally flowed to the creek by way of the gutters and ditches. You will recall that the storm lasted an hour. My theory is simply this--that these little fish like all fish do--merely swam upstream to their rendezvous in a puddle in front of U. G. Brown's store. This all happened one summer afternoon in New Point, some fifty years ago.--P. H. H.

OLD HITCHIN' RACK

William Orville Thomson

My memory goes back
To the old hitchin' rack,
A relic of past ages, dark;
Its iron pilasters stood,
Like the pawns of knighthood,
The sentinals of court-house park.

Though birds of a feather,
They flocked not together,
But held from each other apart;
And the reason was plain;
They were strung on a chain;
None could from its station depart.

The chain, far extensive,
Was so comprehensive,
It reached clear around the court square;
For matters judicial,
And business official,
A gap was reserved, here and there.

Business seldom was slack
At the old hitchin' rack
The traffic at times was intense;
Its patrons were steady,
To return ever ready;
About it there was no expense.

In all kinds of weather
The yeomen would tether
Their horses and mules to the rack;
'Twas the pavement of bricks
That received all the kicks;
The service was free from attack.

Although constant stomping,
As the gadflies came romping,
And pawing of nervous, steeled hoof,
It was rarely effaced
Or a cobble displaced,--
The paving was built damage proof.

THE LAST
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In the belfry hard by,
Nearly touching the sky,
The sparrows lived snug in their nests;
They would flit through the trees,
Unconcerned as you please,
Though some folks considered them pests.

No privation they knew;
For, when hungry they grew,
They darted down into the street;
There was ever a snack
At the old hitchin' rack;
The set-up for sparrows was sweet.

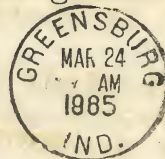
And the old hitchin' rack
Went for years at a crack
Without showing age or decay;
And whoever forecast
That it's heyday was past,
Would only a blindness display.

It's irony of fate
That we come to relate
The plight of the old hitchin' rack;
A mechanical giant,
In armor defiant,
Carried it away on his back.

And the place where it stood,
Though it augurs no good,
Is a sorry mess of debris;
Maybe an illusion,
But that's my conclusion;
It looks like a junk heap to me.

Now, down to the sparrows,
Our narrative narrows,
And with their sad state we shall cease;
Deprived of their ration,
They died of starvation;
No sparrow could eat oil and grease.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF DECATUR COUNTY
GREENSBURG, INDIANA



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159 Mr. Orville Pitts
R. R. 1
Greensburg, Indiana

THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 1 - No. 25

Greensburg, Indiana

August 7, 1965

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mrs. R. E. Puerifoy- Florida(500)
Mrs. Clara Miller- Batesville
Mrs. Esther Cramer
Mr. Larry Fox-Shelbyville
Mrs. Larry Fox- Shelbyville

* * * * *

PARKER'S POND

Somehow the year just isn't complete unless the Society can go to Parker's Pond for at least one meeting and a picnic. The hospitality of the William Parkers mingled with the pleasant surroundings makes an ideal setting for a gala occasion. Of some importance too, is the fact that this is a gathering of the county's finest organization - as you might guess - the Decatur County Historical Society...You will enjoy every minute!

ROUTE FROM GREENSBURG

Follow SR 3 and 46 to the Junction West of Greensburg. Here turn left or South on SR 3. Continue South to the second cross road. (Look for a sign here) Turn right or West on a stone road one quarter mile. LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.

ROUTE FROM WESTPORT

Follow SR 3 North toward Greensburg. After passing the yellow flasher at Letts, turn left or West at the second cross road. (Look for a sign here) Continue West on a stone road one-quarter mile. LOOK FOR THE FLAG POLE ON THE RIGHT.

OCCASION: Summer meeting
DATE: Sunday afternoon, August 22, 1965, at 2:00 P. M.
FAST TIME.
PLACE: Parker's Pond

Dr. D. D. Dickson, local physician, rock hound, curator of his own museum, a collector, and a loyal member of the Society - has written and will narrate a pageant - on EARLY DECATUR COUNTY MEDICINE. He hopes to have the assistance of some of his colleagues, but in any event the good doctor will be there with all of his eloquence, his ready wit and a thorough knowledge of his subject.

PICNIC AFTERWARD

MR. AND MES. PARKER HEREBY EXTEND AN INVITATION TO THE MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS TO BRING THEIR BASKETS IF THEY WISH TO DO SO.

BRING AS MANY GUESTS AS YOU LIKE!
EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

* * * * *

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1965

President-----John Parker
1st. Vice-President-----Mrs. Nolan Skinner
2nd. Vice-President--Orville Pitts
Corresponding Secy.-----Mrs. Robert Dale Brown, RFD 1, St. Paul, Indiana
Recording Secy.-----Miss Helen K. Bussell, 711 North East Street, Greensburg, Indiana
Treasurer-----Miss Kathryn Taney
Editor--THE BULLETIN--Paul H. Huber
Staff-----Mrs. Paul Freeland Smiley Fowler

THE LAST MEETING

At the April meeting Decatur County's 125 years of newspaper history was compressed into a half hour of exceptionally interesting information by Hubert G. Stuhrenberg, city editor of the Greensburg Daily News. His talk was interspersed with humorous comment and with the recital of amusing editorial matter from the oldtime journals.

In the papers of a century ago, it was brought out, editorializing in the news columns was a common practice. The language was often extravagant and grandiloquent, usually plethoric in praise or vitriolic in condemnation. Due to slow transportation, news reports were often a week or month belated.

Some idea may be gained of the research made by Mr. Stuhrenberg to establish a background for local history when it is known that he described the journalistic situation in England at the time of the earliest American colonization and the publication of the first American newspaper in 1690. That crude chronicle and several that followed it were subjected to official censure, and, in some instances, suppressed.

The speaker's search of historical records, showing the first Indiana paper, The Gazette, established at Vincennes in 1804, led up to Elijah Mitchell's "Greensburg Chronicle" in 1830.

This bold pioneer effort lasted only about a year. The outfit was purchased by Thomas Dowling, who changed the name to "The Political Clarion," and it expired in 1832.

For three years thereafter, Mr. Stuhrenberg said, Decatur County was without a newspaper, although, as the North-South slavery controversy was working up to a white heat, political organizations issued many "booster sheets" that had no relation to real news.

It was in 1835, Mr. Stuhrenberg found, that John Thomson began, rather timidly, the publication of "The Greensburg Repository." Thereafter came William Vallette Coleman with his "Greensburg Courier."

Proprietors of the pioneer papers, the speaker said, found the going precarious. With little equipment, an editor was also the reporter, typesetter, pressman and circulation and advertising manager, and he accepted in payment whatever his news-hungry customers had to spare--cord-wood, bacon, maple sugar, flax, beeswax, feathers, dried fruits, poultry. The news sheets, the speaker said, had been described as "editorially verbose, typographically ugly, intensely personal and violently partisan." And yet, crude as they were, it was a start, and history applauds the effort.

The Repository and the Chronicle changed names and ownership--and sometimes they merged. "The Phoenix" came upon the scene in 1843.

As literacy spread and population grew, the pioneers depended largely upon a Cincinnati newspaper for their general information, but they were eager for "local news," so that various ventures continued to be made to gratify that taste. Merchants, too, needed an advertising medium to promote sales of their goods and tradesmen to advertise their various skills.

Papers appearing on the scene included The Republican, The Democrat (sometimes two of each), a new Gazette and The Greensburg Guard. This last, published by John Covington, has been for many years a missing link in local newspaper history. That is, until Mr. Stuhrenberg uncovered the one existing copy among some old documents which had been preserved in a locked case at the Public Library. These papers had been deposited there when the former historical society's museum was disbanded. Another obscure publication of the time that was brought to light was "The Greensburg Fact."

In the early 1850s, the speaker's record revealed, there began that proliferated journalism which carried through the sixties, seventies, eighties and nineties, and by the end of the century there remained on the scene, out of the many, only the successor to the original Repository--by this time called The Greensburg Standard. This paper, a family heirloom, continued to 1928.

There had been several Decatur Democrats, and from their ashes grew The New Era, an excellent weekly that existed for many years. Republicans merged their interest in The Review, a first-class newspaper before and after the turn of the century.

In this period there appeared The Baptist Observer, a religious organ that attained quite a large circulation. Also The Coming Nation, an organ of the Socialist Party which was said to have reached a circulation of 80,000 copies before its removal to Kansas.

Early in this Twentieth Century Greensburg had four daily papers and four weeklies, with others at St. Paul, Clarksburg and Westport.

A healthy consolidation began when James E. Caskey's Daily News was purchased by Luther D. Braden and E. J. Hancock, who absorbed The Standard and The Review. The remaining Democratic organ, The Evening Times, took over the St. Paul Telegram and was the first county paper to introduce the Mergenthaler type-setting machine. Its first editor was Walter Kaler, followed by Charles H. Ewing, who gave way to Hamilton Mercer, and after him came Smiley Fowler, for a 10-year stretch, and then William B. Porter. With the other papers combined, competition became too keen, and the daily was abandoned. A new corporation was formed, establishing The Weekly Times. After brief editorial careers by Gregory Ewing and William B. Porter, Smiley Fowler became its editor in 1933 and remains in that post today.

Summing up to the present, said Mr. Stuhrenberg, Decatur County now has only two papers, The Daily News, with a circulation of 6,000 and The Times with 800. "Like a weekly letter from home," The Times goes into all sections of this state and to most states of the Union.

In addition to those already mentioned, the speaker cited the names of many others who have been identified with Decatur County's newspapers. These included: Martin Zorger, Martin Blair, Ed Donnell, James E. Mendenhall, Oliver Perry McLain, Allen W. Clark, W. H. Glidewell, Andrew Willoughby, John H. Bobbitt, Noah T. Rogers, Dr. J. W. Rucker and Charles H. Parrish.

ed-This excellent summary of Mr. Stuhrenberg's scholarly paper, is of course by the dean of the local newspaper fraternity, Mr. Smiley

4-

Fowler.....We hope to at some later date print the original article in its entirety, for it was so well done.

Prior to the speaker's address Mr. Leon Pohlman entertained with a program of old songs. His explanation of the choice of selections made us realize the close relationship of music and history. Mr. Pohlman served as his own accompanist and his program brought back fond memories to many of those present.....As in the past there was a most interesting display of books, magazines and papers which helped to make this another outstanding meeting.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SOUTHEASTERN DECATUR COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOLS' 4th OF JULY CELEBRATIONS

The 4th of July Celebration was quite an institution in the Salt Creek Township area of Decatur County for many years. Whether such celebrations were held in other parts of Decatur County or in other sections of Indiana, I do not know, but this I do know--find a former native of this area, in any part of the world, and mention "the celebration," and an immediate kinship is established. No need to say "the 4th of July" celebration. The former Salt Creek Township native knows that. The Celebration was one of the highlights of the year for our area, and was eagerly looked forward to from year to year.

Not too much has been recorded of the origin and early history of the Celebration. The founders left little written or printed material. Mostly, information was passed on by "word of mouth." I have notes left me by my father, the late Ambrose Hickman, in which he makes some mention of the origin. Then from time to time announcements of the yearly event would appear in the Greensburg and Batesville papers, and would, sometimes, include a little of the background history. I have some of these clippings. Also in my possession is a secretary's book from the Mt. Etna Sunday School, dating from June 4, 1899 to November 4, 1900, which furnishes some information. A little background help was found in: History of Decatur County, by Lewis Harding, published in 1915. Help has been given me in establishing dates and places by Mrs. Edna McDermott Vickery, New Point, Indiana and Mrs. Anna Korte Siebert, Batesville, Indiana. Mrs. Siebert is a former Salt Creek Township resident. Much of this is my own personal reminiscence plus dates from the Diaries I have kept. An attempt has been made to list dates, places, and persons as accurately as possible.

My approach has been from the way we did the preparation and the celebration at the New Pennington Methodist Sunday School. Other Sunday Schools may have proceeded along different lines for the preparation, but the actual celebrations were all "cut from the same pattern," and were much the same year after year, no matter where they were held. There may be some who may read this incomplete story, who will recall many interesting things and people that I never knew, but the mention of the Celebration strikes a common note of memory, for all of us, who used to attend, and makes us wish we could attend one more, honest to goodness, Celebration.

According to my father's account the Sunday School Temperance Association of Salt Creek Township was established in 1868. However, one clipping I have states that a meeting of this association was held in

1858 in New Pennington. According to the Decatur County History by Lewis Harding, the temperance movement and Temperance Associations, were quite active in Decatur County as early as 1840. The prime purposes of the Sunday School Temperance Association of Salt Creek Township were: (1) "to celebrate the 4th of July in an appropriate manner"; (2) "to furnish some wholesome entertainment and amusement for the youth" of that area. Incidentally, it became one of the chief sources of income for the treasury of the Sunday Schools, but that was not considered at its founding. The notes indicate that the New Pennington Methodist Sunday School, the Roseburg Baptist Sunday School, and the New Point Christian Sunday Schools were the original members of the Association, and that the first Celebration was held in New Pennington in 1869.

I am indebted to Raymond Carr of New Point for this information. It adds authenticity to the notes left by my father.

Excerpt from "A History of the New Point Christian Church."

"The Sunday School and Temperance Association of Salt Creek Township held its first meeting on July 4, 1868, and continued to hold meetings in 1870 and 1871. We do not know how long these meetings continued. It may be that the Sunday School Fourth of July Picnics which the New Point, New Pennington, Smyrna and other Sunday Schools observe annually are an outgrowth of this Temperance Association. The object of the Temperance Association as stated at that time was: to find amusements that are both interesting and instructive for youth, and to keep them away from the scenes of Vice."

It seems that there is little doubt but what this Temperance Association was the founder of "the Celebration."

In the following years, other Sunday Schools joined, some being located in Ripley County. Some dropped out, rejoined again, some of the Sunday Schools were disbanded--as Mt. Etna was. In more recent years some of the county churches were closed and membership consolidated in nearby towns--as was New Pennington. Usually about five Sunday Schools made up the Association's membership, at a given time. History seems to indicate that New Pennington Methodist Sunday School and New Point Christian Sunday School had the longest continuous membership.

Over the years, at one time or another, the following Sunday Schools were members: New Pennington Methodist; New Point Christian and Methodist; Rosburg Baptist; Middle Branch Methodist; Salem Methodist; Napoleon Methodist, Baptist and Lutheran; Smith's Crossing; Sand Creek Baptist; Zion German Methodist; Smyrna Lutheran; Mt. Etna; Cross Roads Lutheran and Finks Corner Evangelican. There may have been others, but mention of the above was found in one source or another.

It might be appropriate to include at this point my father's reaction, as a small boy, to his first Celebration: "When I was a very small child, my mother and my sister Am (Amoizette) and I walked up the back road, from where we lived, just over the line in Franklin County, to Aunt Margaret Moody's house, on the afternoon of a July 4. Of the year I am not sure. The Celebration was being held in Aunt Margaret's

Woods, just south of the house. The Celebration had been talked about for weeks in our home, and our older brothers had gone earlier in the day and now Am and I were going to get to go, too. Mother visited with Aunt Margaret while we went to the Celebration. It was a grand affair, or so it seemed to two small country children, who had seen little of the world outside our own door yard. We had never seen anything like this before. Flags flying, so many people all in one place, singing on the "stage," and a man gave a "speech" in a thundering voice. But the "stand" was the big thing. Peanuts, candy, lemonade were being sold. I do not recall whether they had ice cream or not, but I would not have known what it was then, anyhow. I was quite well acquainted with peanuts, for our older brothers, sometimes would bring some peanuts home to us after a Saturday night session at "Peanut Hill," a country store, a mile and a half south of our home. I suppose, Am and I had a few pennies to spend, but I am not sure now what we bought. I had heard so much about the Celebration, and I had no idea what it was, but to be there and see it was just plain wonderful. I do recall I was so tired I could hardly walk home, when it was all over. Mother used to tell that on the way home I asked her when we would get to go to another Celebration. Well, I have been to many since that long ago day in my very early childhood, but never one as wonderful as that first one."

Perhaps some description of the actual preparation and happenings at the Celebration will help the reader who was never fortunate enough to attend one, to get a mental picture of the event. Weeks of preparation went into each celebration, the most, of a necessity, being done by the host Sunday School. The host Sunday School was determined by a system of rotation. When a new member joined the Association, that Sunday School had to be a participator at each Sunday School's Celebration, already in the Association, for one time, before the new member could be a host Sunday School. So it was usually four or five years before a new member could be host to the Celebration.

Early in May or June the host Sunday School sent out an invitation to each member of the Association. This was a mere formality, for it was unusual for a Sunday School to decline the invitation. Then the various Sunday Schools planned and practiced the part of the program they expected to furnish for the day's entertainment.

This recalls to my mind a middle aged man by the name of Wildman-- Jimmy Wildman, I believe. He was blind, and quite a musician. It was not uncommon for him to spend a week or so in the New Pennington neighborhood, just prior to the 4th, to drill the choir to a "peak of perfection." Monroe Williams, his sisters Ruth (Neimeyer) and Susie (Myers), Albert Gommel and his sister Nora (Williams) were among the faithful at New Pennington, and will be remembered by many for their parts in the New Pennington programs. The mention of music at the Celebrations also calls to mind some of the excellent musicians of the New Point Christian Sunday Schools--the Marlin families, John Green, the two Starks girls, Cora and her cousin Jennie (McKee). Their musical talents were recognized and appreciated by all.

In the secretary's book of the Mt. Etna Sunday School for Sunday, June 24, 1900, the following account is recorded. The New Point Christian Sunday School invitation to take part in the Celebration, as a

school, had been received by the Superintendent of the Sunday School. It was accepted by Voice Vote and the Superintendent instructed to notify the New Point Sunday School of the same. A committee, consisting of T. J. Hart; Myrtle Paramore; Nora Gommel and Pearl Davis was named to plan the program and train the children. L. P. Hart was elected Sunday School Marshal. Myrtle Paramore was elected banner bearer and Will Shouse was elected flag bearer. Isaac Parmer Jr. was instructed to procure a banner for the Mt. Etna Sunday School. The Superintendent was L. P. Hart and Rosa Hartig was the secretary.

How well I recall that banner!! Joe Henry, who had a sewing machine shop in Batesville, made it. It was blue satin, and the words "Mt. Etna Sunday School" were in gold satin. It was a beauty--or so we thought! Each Sunday School had a similar banner.

Also in the same secretary's book for Sunday July 1, 1900, is this record: "A communication was received from the secretary of the New Point Sunday School withdrawing the singing contest, previously announced for the Celebration." Singing did play a big part in the entertainment at all these celebrations.

While Mt. Etna was a member of the Association for a time, there is no record of it ever having been the host Sunday School.

It was the duty of the host Sunday School to provide the grounds suitable for the picnic, and to provide the "speaker of the Day," plus some other numbers of entertainment. The proceeds from the sale of refreshments and food went to the treasurer of the host Sunday School.

July 3 was a big day, and a busy one for the host Sunday School. The men of the church met at the grove designated as the picnic grove. For several years the New Pennington Sunday School held their Celebration in the Fred Myers Woods--later owned by Ernest Norwald--about one half mile east of New Pennington. I recall at least one celebration in Henry Koenighkramer's Woods about a mile west of the New Pennington Church. The grove had to be cleared of underbrush, ditches and holes filled in, a safe entrance into the woods had to be made, for the various vehicles, a place set aside for hitching the horses, benches set up for the Visitors, the "speakers platform" erected, and "stands" set up for the refreshments. Later when the Sunday Schools started serving chicken dinners a kitchen stand and tables had to be added to the necessary preparation.

The decorations of flags, bunting, and flowers were put up late in the afternoon. If there was a threat of rain, this was put off and done very early on the morning of the 4th. Also on the morning of the 4th the organ from the church was brought out and placed on the Speakers' platform. The "young ladies" of the Sunday School usually did the decorating--with some doubtful help from the "young men" of the Sunday School.

In the early days, the ice cream was made at the grove. Someone had to go to New Point for ice and to borrow Henry Wolfe's ten gallon freezer. Where the other freezers came from I have no idea. A wagon load of sawdust was brought in from the nearest saw mill and used liberally for packing the ice and ice cream. The ladies of the Sunday School brought the ingredients and supervised the mixing of the ice

cream. The young men of the Sunday School turned the freezer. Each family furnished a cake to be sold at the ice cream stand. These had to be baked either early on the morning of the 3rd or late that night. Mixes were unheard of then!

Supplies for the stands for the New Pennington Celebration were usually purchased at Henry Kramer's store at Batesville. Someone had to go to town on the afternoon of the 3rd and bring the supplies out. However, I remember one year the supplies of candy, peanuts, gum, cracker jack, lemons and sugar were purchased at a wholesale house in Greensburg. My father took our team of horses and a spring wagon, and accompanied by Frances Thackery, went to Greensburg for these supplies. They left on the afternoon of the 3rd--it was a very hot day, temperatures in the high 90's--my father arrived home after midnight. The spring wagon, with its precious contents, was put in the barn for the rest of the night, for safe keeping. At early dawn the next morning we were on our way to the grove, where the stands would be stocked and the lemonade made. As early as it was we overtook Pierce Alexander, then a little boy, just at the edge of the grove. He had no intention of missing one minute of the Celebration.

We were fortunate at New Pennington. I remember only one rainy 4th and one cold one. In 1915 the 4th came on Sunday and we voted to hold the Celebration on Saturday the 3rd. At daylight that Saturday morning it was pouring. What could we do but wait! By 9 o'clock the rain had ceased and the sky looked "favorable." By telephone we notified the schools to come on. By 10 o'clock we were in business, with the help of an extra load of sawdust! Not much could be done about cold 4th but grin and bear it. Ice cream sales were down--and America had not yet become a coffee drinking nation.

If we were not the host Sunday School, on the afternoon of the 3rd a committee gathered to trim the "Red Wagon," usually in the church yard, but on extra hot days, in the school yard, for there was more shade there. The Red Wagon was a farm wagon, transformed into a "thing of Beauty" by uprights and crossbars, plus bunting and flags. Perhaps it could be called an ancestor to our present day floats. But it also served a utility purpose. Seats were placed in, on each side of the wagon bed, and it was used to transport members of the Sunday School who had no other means of transportation, to the Celebration, wherever it was being held. Joseph Parmer Sr.'s mules pulled the wagon for many years. I rode in the Red Wagon one year, about 1914, but like my father was in his account, I am not sure of the date. Mamie Ross and I were the two "young ladies" delegated to ride in the Red Wagon with a load of youngsters. I remember I took a little neighbor boy--Isaac Comley, the son of Rose Parmer Comley--with me. Joe Parmer Jr. drove his father's team of mules that day. Shortly after we left the church, bound for Napoleon, it started to rain. The Parmers always came equipped with a tarpaulin, so it was soon put over the top of the wagon. We looked like a covered wagon, only we had a flat top and not a bowed one--and thereby lay our downfall! The water settled in small puddles in each depression, between the crossbars, and eventually dripped through the tarpaulin in a dozen tiny drips. We finally reached Napoleon, drenched through and through, and in multicolors from the red and blue of the bunting. The Celebration had been taken indoors to the Napoleon school house, and was in full swing when our bedraggled group arrived.

There was another custom, followed at each Sunday School for years, called "marching in the School." If the reader wonders why or what-- it really was a means of recognizing and honoring each separate Sunday School as it arrived--usually as a body--at the picnic grove. As noted in the Mt. Etna Sunday School report, each school elected a young lady as the banner bearer, and a young man as the flag bearer, and a man as the School Marshal. The host Sunday School did the same, and their marshal was designated as Marshal of the Day. The banner bearers usually wore white dresses, and they, along with the flag bearer and the Marshals wore red, white and blue sashes, draped over the left shoulder, and tied at the waist line, under the right arm. These were their badges of honor. The marshals assisted the Marshal of the Day in lining up the Sunday Schools to march in, took care of the song books for each Sunday School, and saw that everything and everybody were in their proper places at the proper time. Many times the Marshal of the Day rode a horse, and would ride out from the grove to meet an incoming Sunday School in buggies, carriages, farm wagons and headed by their Red Wagon. In a newspaper clipping I have, headed Memory Lane--no date or newspaper heading is on the clipping, but it may have been from the Batesville paper--I seem to recall some such column, this information is taken. "Schools were met at New Point by Charles Marlin and at New Pennington by John Castor. Mr. Castor usually rode a white horse." I do not recall the Marshals of the Day in my time by name, but I am sure many of my time remember how Ira Harding of the New Point Christian Church loved to be the flag bearer. There were many things Ira could not do but he did love to carry the flag!

When the Marshal of the Day brought the word that such and such a Sunday School was near, the host Sunday School lined up at the grove entrance, in a double line, facing each other. Frequently, each member of the host Sunday School carried a small flag. The banner and flag bearers headed the line, then the small children, intermediate group and lastly adults. The Marshal of the Day greeted the incoming Superintendent and their Marshal and banner and flag bearers. The incoming school lined up behind these four, and followed the host banner and flag bearers along the line of march between the two rows of the host Sunday School. They were led to the proper place reserved for this Sunday School to be seated. Then the Visiting banner and flag bearers carried their banner and flag on to the speakers platform, and placed them at a designated place, where they remained throughout the day. This procedure was followed for each Sunday School as it arrived at the grove. Sometimes there was music for the marching--but not always. Arch and Bert Paramore, and Allen Hart of Mt. Etna Sunday School did the honors at New Pennington several years with a fife and drum corps. Some years later the Brown Family Band of New Pennington furnished music for marching and during the day on the program. When Cross Roads Lutheran Sunday School joined the Association in 1930 they had a band that helped march in the schools, as well as giving several numbers throughout the day.

The Superintendent of the host Sunday School usually presided during the day to announce the various members. The program opened with prayer, usually by the minister of the host school. The program generally consisted of musical numbers by the various church choirs, flag drills were popular, recitations by small children, and short talks by visiting ministers; at noon an hour was taken for lunch.

During that hour, the Superintendents of all the Association members met and decided where the celebration would be held the next year. This was announced at the beginning of the afternoon session.

At the Noon intermission families brought out their well filled baskets, and spread their dinner on the ground. Sometimes there were family reunions. I have always associated fried chicken, potato salad and dewberry pie with the 4th of July.

The chief attraction for the afternoon program was the Speaker of the Day. He was usually a minister of note from the surrounding area. I recall a Rev. Westhafer--whom I believe was a Presiding Elder, as the District Superintendent of the Methodist Church was then called. Rev. Claude Sylvester, a young brilliant minister of the Batesville Methodist Circuit; also Rev. Cloyd Goodnight of the New Point Christian Church, who was a student at Butler University. Rev. T. J. Hart, a Mt. Etna school product, and a graduate of Moores Hill College--a popular and beloved Methodist Minister of Southern Indiana; Rev. F. Z. Burkette of the Greensburg Christian Church, Rev. Arthur Gringle of the Bethany Lutheran Church at Batesville and Rev. Wick, a former pastor at Cross Roads Lutheran Church.

This is a copy of a program of 1890, at the Sand Creek Sunday School Celebration held in Cobb's Grove.

10:00 Music by the band
10:15 Prayer by Rev. Connelly
10:25 Music by the band
10:30 Welcome by T. M. Clark, host superintendent
10:35 Response by George H. Jayne
10:40 Address by Rev. W. C. Payne
11:20 Address by Rev. W. W. Reynolds
11:35 Address by Rev. T. A. Aspy
Noon Intermission
1:00 Declaration by Miss Marie Potter
Patriotic address by Rev. W. M. Gard

In later days the programs were more varied, with more talents being used. Many people came who spent the entire day listening to the programs. I well remember the feeling of sadness I experienced at two celebrations--the ones following the death of my aunt, Azelia Hickman Davis, and the death of my father's cousin, Louisa Moody Thackery of Salem. Each year these two came, were seated near the front, and there they were throughout the entire program. When each was taken it seemed to me that there was a vacant chair. Mrs. Sammons of Napoleon, was another, as I recall. No doubt, each Sunday School had several of these dear faithful souls. They are among the ones who made the Celebrations into the memories they are for us today.

Games were never a part of these Celebrations. I seem to recall that one time Clarksburg played a baseball game with New Point, before the program of the day started.

Time changes most things and events. In later years the Red Wagon was replaced by the automobile. Marching in the schools was dropped for the schools no longer arrived in delegations. The family picnic

basket was replaced by the chicken dinner served by the ladies of the church. The Celebration, itself, however became more and more a Homecoming Day--although some form of program did continue. Those who had moved away to other areas of the country tried to get back to the Celebration, for well they knew, they would see many old time friends and relatives. As the crowd left the picnic ground the remark most often heard was "See you at next years Celebration." My last time to attend a Celebration was in 1953 at the Smyrna Lutheran Church. Of the many dear friends and relations I saw that day, a number have passed on and I saw them for the last time that day at the Celebration.

In 1956 Napoleon was to have been the host Sunday School but since the neighboring town of Osgood was having a Celebration of a Centennial, Napoleon did not want to have the Celebration and so ended almost one hundred years of Sunday School Celebrations!

Is it any wonder we loved the Celebration and is it any wonder that we wish we could attend just one more! 1969 will be the 100th Anniversary of the first Celebration. New Point Christian Sunday School is the only surviving member of the original Sunday School Temperance Association of Salt Creek Township. What finer way or better time to honor the memory of the past Celebrations, than with one more!

It is hard to pinpoint exact Sunday Schools Celebrations at exact years. Very few of the old Sunday School records have been kept. But from one source or another these dates and places were compiled. I do not claim it is 100 per cent accurate, but as much so as I could determine--for instance I found two accounts of 1876. One gave the Celebration at Middle Branch and one gave it for SMITH'S Crossing. For some years no record could be found at all, but it is almost sure that a celebration was held each year. I am recording only the dates of which I found some record.

1869	New Pennington
1870	Rosburg
1871	New Pennington
1872	New Point--Abner Colson's Woods
1873	Rained out
1874	New Point
1875	Middle Branch
1876	Middle Branch or Smith's Crossing
XXXXXXXXXX	
1878	Salem--Woods adjoining church
1879	Salem (This seems strange that Salem would have it two years in succession but I found this information in two sources.)
1880	Smith's Crossing
1881	New Point
1882	New Pennington
1883	New Point
XXXXXXXXXX	
1889	Napoleon
1890	Sand Creek--Cobb's Grove
XXXXXXXXXX	
1899	Napoleon--Percy Brown's Woods
1900	New Point

1909 Napoleon
xxxxxxxxxxx
1912 New Pennington
1913 Middle Branch
1914 Napoleon
1915 New Pennington--Fred Myer's Woods (Sat. July 3)
1916 Napoleon
1917 New Point
1918 New Pennington--Fred Myer's Woods
xxxxxxxxxxx
1921 New Point
xxxxxxxxxxx
1932 New Point
xxxxxxxxxxx
1934 Sand Creek
xxxxxxxxxxx
1936 New Pennington--Jeff William's Woods
1937 Cross Roads (Mon. July 5)
1938 Salem
xxxxxxxxxxx
1941 New Point
1942 Sand Creek
1943 New Pennington--Jeff Williams' Woods (Sat. July 3)
1944 Cross Roads
xxxxxxxxxxx
1947 Smyrna
1948 New Point
1949 Sand Creek
1950 Finks Corner
1951 Napoleon Lutheran
xxxxxxxxxxx
1953 Smyrna
1954 New Point
1955 Finks Corner
1956 Was to have been in Napoleon

--(Mrs.) Anna Lee Linville
April 15, 1965
Lexington, Virginia

ed-
"But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Will never come back to me."

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258 ALEXANDER, Mrs. Bertha 724 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
491 ALLEN, Mrs. Elma 624 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana

469 ALLEY, Mrs. Lois R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana
425 ALLISON, Mrs. Charles 6 Chatham Circle, Kankakee, Illinois
308 ALLISON, Floyd N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
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227 BATTERTON, Van P. 525 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
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373 BAUMGARTNER, Wm. B. 324 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
374 BAUMGARTNER, Mrs. Wm. B. 324 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
326 BEAGLE, Mrs. Margaret 128 W. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
426 BECKER, Mrs. Margaret D. 3293 Ashbrook Drive, Cincinnati 13, Ohio
195 BEESON, Mrs. Roy 502 N. East St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
287 BELLMARD, Mrs. Jesma 419 N. 8th St., Ponca City, Oklahoma
312 BERRYMAN, Mrs. Edna 6 East 21st St., Anderson, Indiana
268 BILLIEU, Norman R. R. 1, Westport, Indiana
267 BILLIEU, Mrs. Norman R. R. 1, Westport, Indiana
435 BILLIEU, Miss Sara 1304 N. Delaware, Apt. 504, Indianapolis, Ind.
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28 BORING, Miss Mary 409 N. Ireland Street, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
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5 BROWN, Mrs. Miriam D. 220 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
6 BROWN, Robert Dale R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana (C)

- 4 BROWN, Mrs. Hannah R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana (C)
119 BUELL, Harry E. 516 W. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana (C) (LIFE)
314 BUELL, Mrs. Harry E. Ruth 516 W. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana
378 BUSKIRK, Mrs. Hayes 529 Hawthorn Lane, Bloomington, Indiana
109 BUSSELL, Miss Helen K. 711 N. East St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
457 CANNON, Mrs. Myrl Key 10963 Kadota Ave., Pomona, California
449 CARDER, Mrs. Grace R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
100 CARMAN, Mrs. Martha 725 E. Main Street, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
463 CARR, Raymond New Point, Indiana
114 CHRISTIAN, Kirkwood R. R. 4, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
115 CHRISTIAN, Mrs. Virginia R. R. 4, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
365 CLARK, Frank L. 323 W. Washington St., Greensburg, Indiana
306 CLARK, Mrs. Frank L. 323 W. Washington St., Greensburg, Indiana
137 CLARK, Walter R. R. 7, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
138 CLARK, Mrs. Walter R. R. 7, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
488 COFFAL, Miss Elizabeth 1221 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Jefferson, Indianapolis, Indiana
238 COLEE, Lloyd 602 S. Poplar St., Greensburg, Indiana
408 COLEE, Mrs. Lloyd 602 S. Poplar St., Greensburg, Indiana
86 COLVIN, Mrs. Harvey S. 229 W. North St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
409 COOKSON, Mrs. Thomas 409 N. Park Ave., Bloomington, Indiana
325 CRAIG, Edgar R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana
329 CRAIG, Fred 767 N. Craig Ave., Pasadena, California
58 CRAIG, Miss Mary R. R. 3, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
502 CRAMER, Mrs. Esther R. R. 7, Greensburg, Indiana
248 DAMSGARD, Harold T. 203 Rivermont Drive, Sheffield, Alabama
29 DAVIS, Calvin D. Department of History, Duke University, Durham,
North Carolina (C)
482 DAVIS, Herschel W. 1306 Nyada Place, Highland Place, Illinois
406 DAVIS, Virgil E. 1234 Franklin Avenue, Brookville, Indiana
497 DAVIS, Roy A. 1422 N. Tejon St., Colorado Springs, Colorado
234 DAY, Thomas 501 N. Monfort St., Greensburg, Indiana
31 DAY, Mrs. Gertrude 501 N. Monfort St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
230 DENHAM, Mrs. Effie Westport, Indiana
370 DICKSON, D. D. 700 N. East Street, Greensburg, Indiana
371 DICKSON, Mino 631 N. East Street, Greensburg, Indiana
338 DODGE, Mrs. Martha 605 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
220 DOGGETT, Denzil Box 142, Rome City, Indiana
89 DOLES, Mrs. Dorothy D. 303 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
107 DOLES, Mrs. Minnie R. R. 7, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
464 DONNELL, Miss Catherine 210 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, New York
204 DONNELL, Mrs. Myron R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
180 DONNELL, Ralph R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
181 DONNELL, Mrs. Ralph R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
271 DOUGLAS, Miss Grace 8 Kessing Drive, Greensburg, Indiana
63 DOWNS, Dr. I. B. 212 Forsythe Street, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
274 EASLEY, Mrs. Walter 506 E. Washington St., Greensburg, Indiana
68 ECKEL, Mrs. Florine S. Sky Acres Stock Farm, R. R. 1, Oregonia,
Ohio (C)
49 ELDER, Clifford O. Paul-Ann Nursing Home, R. R. 4, Greensburg,
Indiana (C)
293 ELDER, Orris 338 E. Hendricks Street, Greensburg, Indiana
292 ELDER, Mrs. Orris 338 E. Hendricks Street, Greensburg, Indiana
191 EMLY, Mrs. Mamie R. R. 2, Westport, Indiana (C)
34 EWING, Oscar R. 300 Tenney Circle, Chapel Hill, North Carolina (C)
328 FATELY, Mrs. Omer Box 96, Flat Rock, Indiana
7 FAULKNER, Mrs. Gene Westport, Indiana (C)
36 FAULKNER, Mrs. Ruby Westport, Indiana (C)

414 FISHER, Earl S. 318 E. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
 415 FISHER, Mrs. Leona O. 318 E. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
 69 FISHER, William L. 2020 N. Shadeland Ave., Apt. 3, Indianapolis,
 Indiana (C)
 264 FOGG, Mrs. Janet 225 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
 430 FOGG, W. C. Jr. R. R. 2, Greensburg, Indiana
 431 FOGG, Mrs. W. C. Jr. R. R. 2, Greensburg, Indiana
 384 FORD, Wilbur W. 420 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 385 FORD, Mrs. Wilbur W. 420 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 492 FORFHAN, Miss Virginia 613 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
 228 FOWLER, Smiley 324 E. North St., Greensburg, Indiana
 503 FOX, Larry R. R. 6, Shelbyville, Indiana
 504 FOX, Mrs. Larry R. R. 6, Shelbyville, Indiana
 242 FREELAND, Paul R. R. 3, Greensburg, Indiana
 213 FREELAND, Mrs. Marceil L. R. R. 3, Greensburg, Indiana
 150 FREELAND, Mrs. Myron 132 W. Washington St., Greensburg, Ind. (C)
 286 GABHART, Glen E. 135 South Louise, Glendale 5, California
 245 GALLUP, Miss Edith 1080 Sherman, Apt. 214, Denver 3, Colorado
 391 GARNER, Loren 618 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 392 GARNER, Mrs. Loren 618 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 313 GATEWOOD, Floyd Westport, Indiana
 400 GATEWOOD, Mrs. Kathleen Westport, Indiana
 270 GAULT, Glen R. R. 1, Westport, Indiana
 269 GAULT, Mrs. Glenn R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
 466 GAYNOR, Mrs. Stephen 180 E. 79th Street New York 21, N. Y.
 221 GILCHRIST, Mrs. Glenn 420 N. East St., Greensburg, Indiana
 405 GLASS, Mrs. Arthur 328 Davis Street, Greensburg, Indiana
 486 GOODWIN, Artemas R. R. 3, Greensburg, Indiana
 296 GRAY, Mrs. Lela Owens R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
 498 GREEN, James W. Westport, Indiana
 499 GREEN, Mrs. James W. Westport, Indiana
 379 GREER, George W. 311 W. Walnut Street, Greensburg, Indiana
 380 GREER, Mrs. George W. 311 W. Walnut Street, Greensburg, Indiana
 315 GRUNEISEN, Mrs. Emil R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana
 158 GUILKEY, Frank W. 707 E. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 101 GUILKEY, Mrs. Loretta 707 E. Main Street, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 46 GUTHRIE, Stanton 332 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 45 GUTHRIE, Mrs. Marie R. 332 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 203 HALL, Robert D. 151 E. Hoffman Road, Green Bay, Wisconsin (C)
 92 HAMER, Miss Lois L. 428 E. Main, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 146 HAMILTON, Erle R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 433 HAMILTON, Mrs. Frank 117¹/₂ N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 357 HAMILTON, Ira B. 240 Lincoln Ave., North Vernon, Indiana
 358 HAMILTON, Mrs. Ira B. 240 Lincoln Ave., North Vernon, Indiana
 162 HAMILTON, Mrs. Lavelle 231 W. North St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 450 HANNA, Allen R. R. 2, Greensburg, Indiana
 451 HANNA, Mrs. Allen R. R. 2, Greensburg, Indiana
 72 HARDING, Miss Madge B. 111 E. 16th St., Apt. 614, Indianapolis 2,
 Indiana (C)
 407 HARRISON, Mrs. Glendora 602 N. Franklin Street, Greensburg, Ind.
 443 HATFIELD, Mrs. Donna R. R. 7, Greensburg, Indiana
 9 HAUNERT, Mrs. Anna R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 219 HAVENS, Mrs. T. B. 427 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
 425 HEID, Mrs. Edwin D. 4705 29th Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 53 HELLMICH, Mrs. Albert R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana (C)

- 463 PATRICK, Mrs. Raymond 325 E. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana
 413 PEEK, V. T. 323 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 240 PEEK, Mrs. V. T. 323 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
 500 PHURIFOY, Mrs. R. E. 1104 Elm Avenue, Sanford, Florida 32771
 159 PITTS, Orville R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 256 PLATT, Gilbert 610 N. Lincoln St., Greensburg, Indiana
 257 PLATT, Mrs. Elinor T. 610 N. Lincoln St., Greensburg, Indiana
 22 PLEAK, Carroll D. R. R. 3, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 345 PLEAK, Wendell W. R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana
 23 PORTER, Mrs. E. A. Westport, Indiana (C)
 297 PORTER, Mrs. Jonathan Westport, Indiana
 375 POWELL, R. R. 6030 Joyce Lane, Indianapolis, Indiana
 225 POWELL, Mrs. R. R. 6030 Joyce Lane, Indianapolis, Indiana
 330 POWNER, Russell 215 W. First Street, Greensburg, Indiana
 331 POWNER, Mrs. Russell 215 W. First Street, Greensburg, Indiana
 417 PUMPHREY, Miss Mabel L. 128 W. Washington St., Greensburg, Indiana
 79 RALSTON, Arthur R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 80 RALSTON, Mrs. Lydia R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 127 REED, Mrs. Alice J. 135 W. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 95 REED, Mrs. Francis W. 177 N. Michigan Avenue, Greensburg, Ind. (C)
 445 REED, Mrs. Pansy 420 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
 151 RENIGER, Cleo 321 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 152 RENIGER, Mrs. Harriet M. 321 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Ind. (C)
 259 RICHARDS, Mrs. Elbert R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana
 368 RICHEY, Gilbert T. 8400 E. 75th Street, Indianapolis 26, Indiana
 369 RICHEY, Mrs. Gilbert T. 8400 E. 75th Street, Indianapolis 26, Ind.
 129 RITTER, Mrs. Beatrice M. 310 Golden Hills Drive, Menlo Park,
 California (C)
 444 ROHLFING, Wayne E. 330 N. East St., Indianapolis, Indiana
 183 ROLFES, Raymond 610 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 346 ROMINE, Floyd R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
 347 ROMINE, Mrs. Floyd R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
 130 ROSS, Mrs. Ethel Yale 502 W. Pike Street, Martinsville, Ind. (C)
 108 RUSSELL, Mrs. Helen 228 E. North St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 493 RUST, Oskar D. 420 E. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
 494 RUST, Mrs. Oskar D. 420 E. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
 387 RUTHERFORD, E. V. R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana
 388 RUTHERFORD, Mrs. Irene S. R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana
 149 RUTHERFORD, Mrs. Roy 231 N. Michigan Ave., Greensburg, Ind. (C)
 285 SAMUELS, Mrs. C. D. 327 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
 85 SAMUELS, Miss Martha 327 E. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 201 SCHEIDLER, W. J. Box 149, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 51 SHANNON, James H. 222 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 233 SHANNON, Mrs. James 222 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Indiana
 40 SHANNON, Mrs. Marie Clarksburg, Indiana (C)
 161 SHELHORN, Joe R. R. 1, St. Paul, Indiana (C)
 437 SHOCKLEY, Mrs. Ruth Hillis 475 Adrian Place, Macon, Georgia
 456 SIEFERT, E. J. Treasure Island, R. R. 2, Leesburg, Florida
 495 SIEFERT, Mrs. Elmer J. Treasure Island, R. R. 2, Leesburg, Florida
 184 SKINNER, Mrs. Nolan 720 N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
 284 SMALL, Roy C. 120 W. North St., Greensburg, Indiana
 327 SMIRNOFF, Mrs. Margaret M. 6719 Washington Place, Bayshore Gardens,
 Bradenton, Florida
 440 SMITH, Mrs. C. Emery 130 E. North St., Greensburg, Indiana
 348 SMITH, Mrs. Jessie R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana
 243 STEVENSON, E. C. 226 W. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana
 418 STYERS, Harold R. R. 2, Greensburg, Indiana

- 185 TANEY, Miss Kathryn 221 N. Ireland St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
442 TAYLOR, Mrs. Emma R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana
247 TAYLOR, Mr. Herbert C. 233 N. Michigan Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
279 TAYLOR, John Paul R. R. 1, Greensburg, Indiana
311 TEMPLETON, Mrs. Anna L. 202 W. Central Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
477 THACKERY, Miss Alpha E. R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana
64 THACKERY, Mrs. Louise M. R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana
349 THACKERY, Walter 840 Barachel Lane, Greensburg, Indiana
350 THACKERY Mrs. Walter 840 Barachel Lane, Greensburg, Indiana
487 THOMAS, Hubert 222 W. Washington St., Shelbyville, Indiana
478 THOMPSON, Harry A. Westport, Indiana
43 THOMSON, Miss Mary E. Peabody Home, North Manchester, Indiana (C)
422 THOMSON, Thomas O. 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ N. Broadway, Greensburg, Indiana
416 THOMSON, William O. 2 Rollins Place, Boston 14, Mass.
71 THORNBURG, Merritt C. 525 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Ind. (C)
84 TILLSON, Miss Florine A. 614 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Ind. (C)
272 TILLSON, Miss Marguerite 614 N. Franklin St., Greensburg, Ind.
458 TONYES, Mrs. Walter Milroy, Indiana
99 TOWNSEND, Mrs. Frank 322 E. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
295 WALLS, Charles A. 617 E. Main Street, Greensburg, Indiana
294 WALLS, Mrs. Charles A. 617 E. Main Street, Greensburg, Indiana
66 WAYBRIGHT, Mrs. Amy Edgewood Acres, R. R. 7, Greensburg, Ind. (C)
320 WEBSTER, Albert Lee 128 W. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
321 WEBSTER, Mrs. Albert Lee 128 W. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana
70 WEISNER, Clifford 631 West St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
351 WETNIGHT, John 126 W. Mechanic St., Shelbyville, Indiana
352 WETNIGHT, Mrs. John 126 W. Mechanic St., Shelbyville, Indiana
280 WILLIAMS, Mrs. C. B. 315 E. Hendricks St., Greensburg, Indiana
139 WILLIAMS, Dwight W. R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
140 WILLIAMS, Mrs. Dwight R. R. 6, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
300 WILLIAMS, Mrs. J. D. 914 Forestdale Rd., Royal Oak, Michigan
281 WILLIAMS, Mrs. Shirley A. 212 Newsom Ave., Columbus, Indiana
25 WIRT, Mrs. James B. Methodist Home, Franklin, Indiana (C)
94 WOOD, Mrs. Jessie R. 406 E. Main St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
56 WOODFILL, Robert M. 434 W. Walnut St., Greensburg, Indiana (C)
353 WOODFILL, J. Van 185 N. Michigan Ave., Greensburg, Indiana
26 CURNICK, Mrs. H. Robert 1621 S. 6th St., Terre Haute, Indiana (C)
232 WOOLVERTON, Miss Victoria 203 N. Michigan Ave., Greensburg, Ind.
489 WRICHT, Harry R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
490 WRIGHT, Mrs. Mary R. R. 5, Greensburg, Indiana
59 WYANT, Mrs. Margaret R. R. R. 8, Greensburg, Indiana (C)
403 ZOLLER, Miss Florence L. 5555 Sheridan Rd., Apt. 1216-A, Chicago 40,
Illinois

(C) Charter member
(LIFE) Life member

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MORE ABOUT THE PICNIC - Although some chairs and tables will be provided, it has been suggested that you bring extra chairs and card tables, if you have such.

THE USUAL DISPLAY - Bring something of interest, be that a book on home remedies, an electric belt or a bottle of "BITTERS." But leave your ailments at home.

OUR SOCIETY - We hear much about phenomenal growth in industry, science, the arts, even space programs involving races to the moon. Perhaps as a society, we should take a look at our own phenomenal growth, and ask ourselves to what this may be attributed.....The Historical Society was reorganized in 1959. Mrs. Winston Ball has the distinction of holding the number one membership card. This year (1965) card number five hundred was issued to Mrs. R. E. Peurifoy (Ethel Brown) of Sanford, Florida.....There may be many reasons why we have grown so rapidly and consistently through these six years. Some may believe that it is due to our varied programs. From Mrs. Howard's LIFE ON A RIVERBOAT to that of Mr. Stuhrenberg's EARLY NEWSPAPERS OF THE COUNTY, we have been entertained and informed. On our field trips, to mention a few, we have followed the UNDERGROUND RAILROAD, looked at covered bridges, the site of the HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, and explored the locale of the early stone industry both around Harris City and St. Paul.....We have also eaten well. Our picnics have proved the right of fame for Hoosier cooking. We have been regaled with coffee and doughnuts at the end of our field tours; and at our last big meeting of the year, one of the highlights is a bounteous and lavish dinner. What fun these occasions have been! They are informal, giving us a chance to know our fellow members better. Another feature of these meetings has been the exhibits. We have looked at Civil War guns, toy brass bedsteads, wooden toy trains. The formal part of the program at these affairs has always been of outstanding merit.....Last but not least is the BULLETIN. The publication has served to weld our group together, those from here and those far away. It is well written and produced, thanks to our able editor and his assistants. Besides reports and news items, there is always a worth-while article on local history. Certainly the interest and support of so many members from distant states, is due largely to this excellent news sheet.....And now, possibly we have looked back long enough on these six years, and praised ourselves as much as can be done modestly. It has been said - "The past is prologue." What a future lies before us!

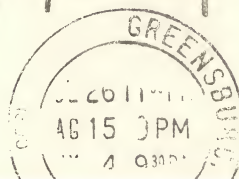
M. R. H.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF DECATUR COUNTY
GREENSBURG, INDIANA

159 Mr. Orville Pitts
R. R. 1
Greensburg, Indiana

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Florida
(C)

Gardens,
rida



THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 2 - No. 26

Greensburg, Indiana

October 1, 1965

EARLY BIRDS

As the older members know, it is time for the EARLY BIRDS. These are the ones who pay their 1966 membership fee early and in advance. This saves postage, time and confusion later. If you attend the fall meeting, be an EARLY BIRD!

* * * *

THE OLD GRAVE YARD

Some eight years since, the ladies of this city at the suggestion of the REPUBLICAN, raised by contribution, sufficient funds to enclose the old Grave Yard. In passing this "City of The Dead," a few evenings back, we observed that this enclosure is much out of repair, and unless attended to soon, will be of little use. Already at some points hogs can pass in and out at their pleasure. Respect for the memory of departed ones demands that this, their resting place, should be cared for. Besides this, the ground is situated where strangers passing through see it, and its dilapidated appearance, is calculated, to give them an unfavorable opinion of our city.....Would it not be well for the City to take this matter under its care, and see that the fence is kept in proper repair, and the grounds beautified? A very little money expended in planting trees and shrubbery and otherwise improving this burial place, would change it from a disgrace to an honor and ornament to our City. What say you?

GBG. STANDARD - April 30, 1868

ed - This was 97 years ago!

OCCASION: Fall Field Trip
DATE: Sunday afternoon
October 24, 1965
TIME: 2:00 P. M. - EST.
PLACE: St. Mary's Church
Millhousen, Indiana

The seventh annual fall field trip will take us to Millhousen. All members, guests and friends are to meet at St. Mary's Catholic Church in Millhousen at 2:00 P. M. for instructions as to the route to be followed..... This should be an interesting and informative meeting as this good community abounds in local history. The town being situated on Squaw Run, suggests its Indian background. Its architecture is as charming as it is rich in ecclesiastical history. This community first settled in 1821 has everything for the local historian. Mr. Will Scheidler, a charter member of the Society and a native of Millhousen heads up the committee on arrangements. With his knowledge and enthusiasm, no one is better qualified to introduce us to this part of Decatur County.A social hour at the Knights of St. John Hall with the traditional coffee and doughnuts served by the Ladies Auxiliary will be the climax of the day. So like the postman - come wind, hail, rain or snow - keep to your "appointed rounds." Be there! EVERYONE IS WELCOME!

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Dale F. Parker
Mrs. Dale F. Parker
James C. McLaughlin
Mrs. James C. McLaughlin
Robert Rosecrans
Mrs. Robert Rosecrans
Mrs. C. W. Bartholomew
Mrs. Frank Hargitt
Raymond C. Moeller
Mrs. Raymond C. Moeller
Dale W. Miers
Mrs. Dale W. Miers
Arthur Wright
Mrs. Arthur Wright
Tom Porter - Gbg. --519

OUR GROWING LIBRARY - Miss Margaret Link of Indianapolis has given the Society three scrap books which were kept by her sister, now deceased, Mrs. Flora Link Howard. Thank you, Miss Link for this fine contribution.

LOOKING BACKWARD IN THE (INDPLS.) NEWS - Aug. 14, 1965

Seventy-five Years Ago (1890)

A log fire ignited a subterranean bed of natural gas near Waldron in Shelby County and caused a tremendous explosion that ripped up 10 acres of land and blocked Flat Rock River, causing the current to flow upstream. Great rocks and trees were hurled skyward. All wildlife and fish were destroyed and graves in a nearby cemetery were disturbed.

ed - Charles Major described this incident much more dramatically in THE BEARS OF BLUE RIVER. See Mrs. Everson's story in the March 13, 1965 issue of the Bulletin.

THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1965

President-----John Parker
1st. Vice-President-----Mrs. Nolan
Skinner
2nd. Vice-President--Orville Pitts
Corresponding Secy.-----Mrs. Robert
Dale Brown, RFD 1, St. Paul,
Indiana
Recording Secy.-----Miss Helen K.
Bussell, 711 North East
Street, Greensburg, Indiana
Treasurer-----Miss Kathryn Taney
Editor--THE BULLETIN--Paul H. Huber
Staff-----Mrs. Paul Freeland
Smiley Fowler

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

Listen my children
And you shall hear
Of the greatest man
Whose home was right here.

On him they'd depend
Just like an old Clock.
That's right, you guessed it
They just called him "Doc."

Maybe on Horseback
He'd rush through the wood
To help a sick friend
With all of his good.

"The stork is coming
Right over the Hills
Hurry up -- Doc
To Joseph McGill's."

Sometimes his buggy
Cut deep in the mud
And tore off the step
With an ugly thud.

Sometimes he would sit
By the bed all night
Till disease and pain
Took off on their flight.

His powders he'd roll
In crumbs of light bread,
And fix them so neat
Beside your sick bed.

If he lacked in Skill
He excelled in Love,
Meeting all anguish
With peace from above.

When sounds of his "taps"
Fades far o'er the hill
I'll remember much,
But most his good will.

The master judging
At the setting sun
Will smilingly say,
It was so well done.

D. D. D.

PIONEER LIFE IN GREENSBURG

The early settlers in Greensburg were sturdy, industrious, religious and far-sighted. They must have intended that their sons should grow up to be presidents, or at least politicians, for they provided log cabins for their children to be born in.

Let us not cast aspersions or other waste material on the simple life of those days. There was no snobbishness then -- one man was just as good as another, if not better. A man who drove an ox cart was as highly esteemed as the driver of a Cadillac. There was no worry over seat belts, and back-seat drivers were not urged to "leave the driving to us." No one complained that his neighbor's radio was too loud.

In those days no one was denied the right to work.

Woman suffrage had not been invented at that time. But women, while not permitted to vote, were allowed the special privilege of working on Sundays: The rigorous Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian rituals were abrogated to secure celestial immunity for housewives and chicken dinners for the preachers. All other labor ceased on the Sabbath, no garages or other places of business being permitted to open.

Pioneer ministers held a tighter rein on their congregations than they do now. Dancing was strictly taboo in any place of worship, and few places permitted any kind of music. A boy who dared to enter a church with a saxophone would have been tossed over into the next voting precinct. A girl who could have done a tap-dance wearing the bull-hide shoes that were worn in those days would have been a physical phenomenon. The preachers strongly condemned gambling, but they frequently gave reports on various "futures."

Women did not go in for clubs in pioneer Greensburg, although some were said to be skillful in the use of broomsticks and rolling pins. Styles were quite different from present-day modes. Women wore their dresses much longer then -- often as much as two or three years longer.

A great many of our modern improvements -- mechanical and electronic gadgetry, educational, social and commercial marvels -- had not been invented at that time, including the threshing machine, the sewing machine, the refrigerator, the telephone (it was believed sufficient then to tell-a-woman), radios, child psychology, Jack Benny, viruses, insurance agents, drag racing and potato chips.

In the pioneer cabins the latch-string was always out -- in case Avon should be calling.

- Smiley Fowler

MEMBERSHIP - Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

THE SUMMER MEETING

The afternoon of August 22nd found over two hundred members and guests of the Society enjoying again the hospitality of the William Parkers at OLD STONY, their home southwest of Greensburg.

The meeting was arranged as a tribute to early doctors in Decatur County for their contribution to the life of the pioneers. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Dale D. Dickson for his time and effort in writing and narrating a pageant portraying the service of the medical profession during the Civil War era.

The pageant was staged in an area east of the Parker home where a two-story log cabin is being restored. The timbers for the lower floor had been placed in position, and served as a stage, while the other timbers served as an out-door arena.

From somewhere up the pioneer trail a spring wagon "express" brought the first resident doctor to Greensburg. Mrs. Justus Rich, portrayed by Mrs. Frank Clark, lived and practiced medicine at her home on the northeast corner of the Public Square, the present site of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Dickson impersonated Dr. Selmers of Columbus, author of the first medical book in Indiana. He was assisted by John E. Clemons, who took the role of a young man who was studying to become a doctor. At that time Dr. Dickson pointed out, an eighth grade education was regarded as the necessary requisite for study at the office of a physician.

Because numerous doctors were serving as surgeons in the Union Army, he pointed out how families were encouraged to use home remedies made from plants in the vicinity. Using an iron kettle over a fire they demonstrated the preparation of a remedy, which Dr. Selmers regarded as good for several purposes.

As a patient in need of dental assistance, Elvin Cruser came to the office of the early physician on an old-time bicycle with a large front wheel. Amid yells and bodily exercise of the suffering patient, Dr. Selmers provided a quick "cure."

Old home remedies of the Civil War era were read by Mrs. Elmer Zeigler, while William Parker "walked" his bicycle up the trail in an impersonation that left little to the imagination. He recited the names of many well known doctors in Decatur County during the period from 1821 to 1870. During that time the county had 111 physicians.

Dr. Dickson listed the Decatur County doctors who served in the Union Army. He told the difficulties they labored with, including methods of curbing infection. Burning of an improvised confinement building illustrated how they destroyed their buildings when they became too infected to be considered usable. He concluded his program by reading an original poem "THE COUNTRY DOCTOR." As a finale to the pageant, "Taps" were sounded.

Thereafter Miss Joyce Allen delighted the crowd with a group of folk songs, accompanied on the electric guitar by her brother, James Allen.

Tea was served during the social hour, and many members took advantage of the invitation of the Parkers for a picnic dinner near the lake.

John E. Parker, president of the society explained some of the historic souvenirs which the Parkers have collected. On display were weapons of the Civil War, many interesting old medical books and instruments. But the thing that reactivated the "boy" in every man was the old Huber steam thrashing engine that Carol Pleak brought prior to the meeting.-----And every woman tried to take home one of the Parker's dipper gourds!

Even the weather-man co-operated in making this one of the most interesting meetings, although it poured in Greensburg the rain spared the Parkers. Not a drop fell on "Old Stony." It was another day "to long remember" thanks to the Parkers and all of the others!

M. L. F.

ed - Louis Whipple with his "turnout" of the two ponies in shining harness and a glittering wagon, was just the last word in horse-drawn equipage. Elvin Cruser's riding his bicycle (with the large front wheel) up the path was no ordinary achievement either!

PEOPLE'S SAY SO

Editor,
Daily News:

As I recently read Mr. Fowler's list of doctors from the past, I was reminded of interesting memories I have of two of them; memories which I believe are worthy to recall in this critical and exacting world of today.

Dr. W. A. Bracken was a doctor for a part of our family for many years. We often went to his office on the north side of the square. There we found him sitting in a comfortable rocking chair by the side of his table. If he were not there you grabbed a big brass hand bell on the table and rang it vigorously until someone came from the rear.

If he were there he paid no attention whatsoever to you, until he had finished the article he was reading. Then in a gruff voice would inquire, "What do you want?" He was a fine looking man, stately and pompous in bearing, with a long beard, and soft brown eyes which entirely belied the sharp brusque voice that greeted you.

He had sent one of my aunts to Colorado for tuberculosis when it was only a gamble if climate or anything else could help. But in a couple

of years, she returned greatly benefitted. Taking me along, she went to thank Dr. Bracken for his excellent advice.

As usual we found him reading, and patiently sat down to wait. Finally he scowled at us over his glasses, and my aunt went over and knelt beside his chair. He immediately recognized her, put his arms about her and kissed her again and again, in joy for her unusual recovery. Ever after when people would recall "the gruff and crabby Doctor Bracken" it was this scene which returned to my mind.

Dr. C. A. Covert, too, had the name of being eccentric. But my father-in-law, Frank Batterton, the druggist, had filled Dr. Covert's prescriptions for many years and had high regard for his methods. So when severe illness came to our family he was called.

Day after day he called faithfully on his patient. Sometimes he was very talkative, full of instructions and jokes at which he quietly chuckled. Other times he sat silently by the bedside, clicking his thumb nails, then suddenly jumped up to leave.

The nurse, however, was always disturbed because after each visit she would find three or four grains of popcorn on her nice clean floor. No one could explain their appearance until one day a friend said, "Why, of course he could."

At Andy Rader's saloon on South Broadway there was always a large bowl of popcorn on the bar. As the Doc sought his morning eye opener, he evidently stocked up on popcorn which he dribbled about from house to house.

Well--maybe so--but during the serious climax of our illness every night in the wee small hours we would hear a little fumbling at the door, and in would slip the little Doc to look his patient over.

Dr. Covert was a little short stocky man with sleepy blue eyes and florid complexion, especially the nose. He always wore a wig which was a light reddish color, and it was usually awry.

His office at one time was upstairs in the present Decatur Bank building, reached by an outside stairway. One morning while descending he missed a step and fell end over end to the bottom, where he lay with wig, hat, and medicines in a heap. When friends (including my father-in-law) rushed to pick him up, he arose, and hastily donning his wig said, "Oh! H--- that's the way I often come down stairs."

These men had their funny little ways--their idiosyncrasies--even as you and I, but deep within they carried hearts of gold. Although they have long since had their day, we fondly cherish their memories.

(s) Floy P. Batterton

ed - This reprint from the Greensburg Daily News of January 16, 1965 is offered particularly for the out-of-town members who might not have had an opportunity of reading it.

PACIFIC TOURIST GUIDE Across the Continent

PRAIRIE FIRES--During the first night's ride westward from Omaha, the traveler, as he gazes out of his car window (which he can easily do while reclining in his berth) will often find his curious attention rewarded by a sight of one of the most awful, yet grandest scenes of prairie life. The prairies, which in the day-time to some, seemed dry, dull, uninteresting, occasionally give place at night, to the lurid play of the fire-fiend, and the heavens and horizon seem like a furnace. A prairie on fire is a fearfully exciting and fear-stirring sight. Cheeks blanch as the wind sweeps its volume toward the observer, or across his track. Full in the distance is seen the long line of bright flame stretching for miles, with its broad band of dark smoke-clouds above. As the train comes near, the flames leap higher, and the smoke ascends higher, and on their dark bosom is reflected the fires' brilliantly-tinged light. Sweeping away for miles towards the bluffs, the fire jumps with the wind, and the flames leap 20 to 30, or more feet into the air, and for miles brighten the prairies with the awful sight. We have never seen anything of prairie life or scenery possessing such majestic brilliance as the night glows, and rapid advances of a prairie fire. Far out on the prairies, beyond the settlements, the prairie fires (usually set on fire by the sparks from the locomotives) rage unchecked for miles and miles, but nearer to the little settlements, where the cabins have just been set up, the fire is their deadliest and most dreaded enemy. No words can describe, no pencil paint the look of terror when the settler beholds advancing toward him the fire-fiend, for which he is unprepared and unprotected. When the first sign of the advancing fire is given, all hands turn out; either a counter fire is started, which, eating from the settler's ranch, in the face of the wind, toward the grander coming volume, takes away its force, and leaves it nothing to feed upon, or furrows are broken with the plow around the settler's home. The cool earth thrown up, and all the grass beyond this is fired, while the little home enclosed within, is safe. A curious feature of prairie fires is, that the buffalo grass, the next season, is darker and richer than ever before; and lower down, in sections where the prairie fires are carefully kept off, trees, shrubs, bushes, etc., of many varieties, grow up spontaneously, which never were seen before. So long as prairie fires rage, nothing will grow but the little tufts of prairie grass. Wherever the prairie fire ceases or is kept restrained, vegetation of all description as far west as the Platte, is completely changed. In the fall of the year these fires are most frequent; and creating a strong current or breeze by their own heat, they advance with the rapidity often of a locomotive, 20 or more miles an hour, and their terrible lurid light by night, and blackened path left behind, as seen next day by the traveler, are sights never to be forgotten.

In the lower river counties a prairie fire often originates from the careless dropping of a match, or the ashes shaken from a pipe. The little spark touches the dry grass like tinder--the constant breeze fans the little flame, and five minutes after it has covered yards. The loss to tillers of the soil is often appalling. One of General

Sherman's veterans, in describing a prairie fire to a visitor, raising himself to his full six feet height, and with eye flashing as in battle excitement, said: "Mr. C., if I should catch a man firing the prairie at this time, as God helps me, I would shoot him down in his deed." A traveler riding on the prairie said, "only a few miles from me an emigrant, traveling in his close-covered wagon "with the wind," was overtaken by the flames coming down on him unseen. Horses, family, wagon, were all destroyed in a moment, and himself barely lived long enough to tell the tale. Nearly every night in autumn the prairies of the boundless West, show either the near or distant glow of a fire, which in extent has the appearance of another burning Chicago.

ed - We seldom hear the term "prairie" any more. Decatur County had its "flats" and "slash" but no prairie. Was the area around Fowler, Indiana considered as being prairie country-- the editor would like to know?

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THE BULLETIN

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF DECATUR COUNTY

Volume 2 - No. 27

Greensburg, Indiana

November 20, 1965

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mr. David Porter--Osgood
Mrs. David Porter--Osgood
Miss Marilyn Horan
Mrs. Dorothy Rondeau
Mrs. Ray Fulton (524)

* * * * *

The Sweets come to us as a team! Their subject- EARLY AMERICAN LIVING. Mr. Sweet a graduate of Butler University and Vice-Principal of Orchard School, Indianapolis, has since 1933 operated Acorn Farm as a summer camp for boys and girls....Mrs. Sweet (Dee) also an alumnus of Butler, founded the Girls Group of Acorn Farm in 1934. A former National Vice-President American Women in Radio and Television, she also did a radio stint for 10 years on WFBM and WISH....Their idea of an Indian village, later a log cabin and then a country store (1840 period) led to the Acorn Farm Antique Shop since so many people wanted to buy things like those displayed in their museum. The Shop to all appearances is a new colonial home, having twelve rooms for antiques- four of which are model rooms. Here one will find furniture of all periods, primitives, china, glass, silver, prints and oil paintings- all nicely shown, immaculate and in good taste....We look forward to hearing Mr. and Mrs. Sweet with a great deal of anticipation, for we know they have something of interest to say- not only to the distaff side but to the men as well.

OCCASION: Seventh Annual Dinner Meeting and Election of Officers.
SPEAKERS: Herb and Dee Sweet of Carmel, Indiana
DATE: Saturday, December 4th, 1965 at 6:30 P. M. Fast time (EST)
PLACE: Greensburg High School, 505 E. Central Avenue. Entrance on Lathrop St. opposite Gymnasium

RESERVATIONS

If you have not already been contacted, please call 663-4986 (Mrs. Skinner) or 663-4621 (Miss Aldrich) by Saturday, November 27th, if you plan to attend the dinner. Tickets are \$1.75 each.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO COME FOR DINNER, FEEL FREE TO ATTEND THE MEETING LATER. EVERYBODY IS WELCOME!

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THE SOCIETY'S OFFICERS 1965

President-----John Parker
1st. Vice-President-----Mrs. Nolan Skinner
2nd. Vice-President--Orville Pitts
Corresponding Secy.-----Mrs. Robert Dale Brown, RFD 1, St. Paul, Indiana
Recording Secy.-----Miss Helen K. Bussell, 711 North East Street, Greensburg, Indiana
Treasurer-----Miss Kathryn Taney
Editor--THE BULLETIN--Paul H. Huber
Staff-----Mrs. Paul Freeland Smiley Fowler

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EARLY BIRDS- Members can still qualify as EARLY BIRDS by paying their 1966 dues at the Dinner Meeting.

GENEALOGICAL SECTION

Marilyn Baxter, 1422 Fletcher Street, Anderson, Indiana, would appreciate information concerning her great, great grandfather Jesse Talkington (or Tarkington) who settled in Decatur County about 1833. He entered a section of government land where the town of Alert now stands in 1834 and obtained his deed in 1836. Mr. Talkington was still living in 1884 at age 89. Wanted pertinent dates (death if possible) places, people, etc. Also information on Daniel Keely who married Elizabeth Talkington in Shelby County February 20, 1834. Rev. James Ray performed this marriage.

Mrs. Lenore Crist Redington, 988 Taney Lane, Pocatello, Idaho, desires information about the Crist family of Franklin and Decatur Counties. This family came to Indiana as early as 1811. Mrs. Redington would like to contact someone to make a court-house search under her direction.

Delmar B. Blackmore, 1147 North Minot Street, Anaheim, California, wishes to trace the Blackmore family. His father was David M. Blackmore whose brothers were William, James and John Blackmore. The latter died about 1946. Mr. Blackmore would also like to contact someone to make a court-house search.

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MEMBERSHIP - Open to everyone having an interest in history and his heritage. The annual dues are \$1.00 each, payable in advance. The fiscal year ends December 31st. Please direct all applications and renewals to the Recording Secretary.

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NOTICE N. Y. CITY - Candlemaking was a household task. The common people made their own; the servants of the rich and ruling classes made theirs. Sheep suet and ox tallow were the major fat used. After cutting the fats into blocks, simmering in water, skimming, refining, and finally straining through a fine sieve, preferably of horsehair came the molding process. These molds were arranged in frames holding anywhere from a pair to three dozen. When cold and hard, the molds were plunged in hot water which loosened the molded candle and made removal easy. Does the thought of two thousand candles startle you? Try illuminating your own home with five and a half candles a day. This was a minimum in most early households.

NEW GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES--Drepperd

A HISTORY OF SANDUSKY METHODIST CHURCH

By (Mrs. Edgar) Marie Clark

There is no more potent factor in the life of any community than the church and the influence of an active denomination is measured by the wholesome, neighborly, God-fearing spirit found in that community.

Many years have passed since the first settlers came to Clinton Township, but it was several years before a town or a church was built at Sandusky. However, there was a Christian Church about a mile north of Sandusky, near State Road 3. An old cemetery may yet be found there. Shiloh Methodist Church was near the southwest part of the township and is a church which many older members remember. A well-kept cemetery and names familiar in the community may be found on the grave stones. Center Grove Methodist Church was in reach of those in the southeast part of the township, but this church has been discontinued for so long no records of it remain. A mile north of the county line was Bethesda. Again, only a graveyard down a little lane is all that remains to tell of our pioneer ancestors who worshiped there. In the northwest part of the township, people went to Old Union. Some of our members went there when children. The church has been gone many years and only the silent sleepers in the tangled overgrown churchyard are left. So we see that the people of Clinton Township did not lack for a place to worship, but when Sandusky was laid out, it wasn't long until a church was planned.

The history of our church at Sandusky is also a history of the community and village. The railroad was called the North Vernon, Greensburg, and Rushville Railway and opened from Greensburg to Rushville, Sept. 10, 1880. While there may have been a house or two near the junction of this railway and the Ft. Wayne Pike (which is now called State Road 3), the town was not laid out until Oct. 7, 1882, by Oliver Sefton. As with many of our inland towns, it was the coming of the railroad that made a shipping point and a community village.

Five years later, a small band of men and women met and, with the help of W. S. Troyer and the Rev. F. S. Potts, organized the Sandusky Methodist Episcopal Church. There were 13 charter members, but only the names of seven are obtainable. They were: Mr. and Mrs. John Harrell, Albert and Kate Higgins, Mrs. Phillip Harrell, and Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rozell. Mr. and Mrs. Rozell were the parents of Mrs. Elma Knox of Greensburg. This little band met in the homes and the schoolhouse until 1892, when work was started on a church building that was completed in 1893 and dedicated on June 10, 1893. The Rev. Daniel Ryan was pastor and Dr. Moore of Cincinnati dedicated the building, using as his text, "This is a true and faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners of whom I am chief."

Sandusky was on the Milroy circuit, which consisted of Milroy, Sandusky, Shiloh, Bethesda, Center Grove, Richland, and Mt. Olivet, and was served by two and sometimes three pastors.

The church, as originally built, consisted of only the main auditorium and entrance vestibule.

In 1905, Sandusky and Shiloh were put on circuit together under the pastorate of the Rev. T. J. Anthony, through whose efforts a parsonage was built at Sandusky. Shiloh was disbanded in 1907, and Sandusky, Clarksburg, and Mt. Carmel were put on circuit together, with the Rev. Mr. Westhaver as pastor. In September of the year 1919, the Rev. Mr. Watkins became our pastor, and in 1920 plans were made to enlarge the church. This was finished in 1921, the addition being a small kitchen and three Classrooms. This was dedicated on Aug. 28, 1921, with W. S. Bovard, secretary of the board of Sunday Schools, as speaker.

In the Fall of 1921, Clarksburg left the circuit, and as Mt. Carmel had been discontinued some years before, we were on circuit with Richland for one year. In September, 1923, the Rev. Mr. LaHue became our pastor and we were put on circuit with Adams and still remain so.

For several years we have been gaining in attendance, until we saw that in all justice to our children and young folks we must again have more room. So in September, 1953, under the pastorate of the Rev. O. P. Baugh, plans were made to enlarge the basement, for a dining room and kitchen, which could also be used as classrooms. This was finished in 1954.

Committees for the improvement were: General--Luella Wood, Marie Clark, Pauline Barnes, Thomas McDonald, and Woodrow Kirchhoff. This committee met and appointed the following: Building--Harold Ruddell, W. F. McHenry, and Shirley Davis. Finance--Delbert Kistler, Pauline Barnes, and Lois Alley.

We now have a beautiful, well-equipped church of which all the members are proud. I am indebted to Miss Louella Watkins, Mrs. Maude Clarke, Mrs. Elma Knox, Clarence Sefton, for parts of this history. Other facts and dates were obtained from the Decatur County history, the public library, and files of old newspapers.

Ministers of Sandusky Church

1. Organized in 1887 under the Rev. F. S. Potts of Milroy circuit and also S. W. Troyer.
2. S. W. Troyer, James Gillespie.
3. James W. Allen, H. O. Frazier, J. T. Jones.
4. Daniel Ryan, D. C. Benjamin, C. E. Hester.
5. J. L. Brown, W. G. Proctor.
6. A. N. Morlatt, C. C. Bonnell, E. I. Larue.
7. E. P. Jewett, L. M. Edwards.
8. Sandusky and Shiloh--1905, Rev. T. G. Anthony.
9. Sandusky, Clarksburg, and Mt. Carmel--F. M. Westhaver, J. W. Dashield, W. M. Creath, J. E. Sidebottom, C. E. Hester, Pope,

Erickson; 1919, W. C. Watkins, Rev. LaHue; Adams and Sandusky, Rev. Crider, Rev. Rogers, Rev. Houseman, Rev. Thompson, Rev. Jann, Rev. Gladys Marsh, Rev. Hogue; and 1955, Rev. Baugh.

- THE FARM NEWS OF DECATUR COUNTY
August 12, 1955 issue

* * * * *

ROAD NAMES

The kin and business heirs of Henry Ford have not accepted his facetious dictum that "history is the bunk." Witness the enormous museums and historical collections at Fort Dearborn and other places that have arisen from his fortune.

This entire country has, within the last decade, evinced a growing interest in its past as a background for its future, a national revival of the insular pride that characterizes our English ancestry. Indiana is among its leaders in the states, and Decatur County among the most prominent in seeking to preserve local facts and traditions.

It was recently called to my attention, however, that "road names," once so well established, have been allowed to vanish since the innovation of "road numbers."

This is not to say that the numerical designation of county and township roads is without merit. Quite the contrary, this system is an important improvement in directing fire fighters or police or strangers to an isolated spot on the map.

Old familiar names, however, should not be forgotten. Such, for example, as the "Vandalia Road," which branches off the "Old Michigan Road" a mile northwest of Greensburg and reaches the Shelby County line 10 miles west. (In Shelby the name is designated by historical markers.)

The Michigan Road southeast was known to former generations as "The Napoleon Road." When it became a state highway it was numbered "Ind. 29." Later, becoming a national highway, it was labeled "U. S. 421"--and the pioneer name practically forgotten. At Greensburg's corporation line it forks to the right and opens "The Millhousen Road."

Decatur County's first experiment with blacktop gave us "The Tarvia Road," a designation that clings popularly to the county highway taking off east from Ind. 3 about three miles north of Greensburg.

"The Scenic Route" is the old trail from Greensburg to Westport via Turner's Quarry, veering briefly to the left at the T, where the right turn leads to Harris City.

The "Painter Crick Road" (sometimes corrupted to "Penther Creek") is southeast of Westport. Other half-forgotten road names include "Downeyville," "Moscow," "Dark Corner," (northwest of Alert), "Brookville" and "Possum Glory," (southwest of Burney.)

Unfortunately, many of our busy, taxharassed generation agree with Henry--many believe that the documents most contributing to the U. S. government are Forms 1040 and 1040-A.

-Fowler

ed's note- Earlier settlers called the TARVIA ROAD - THE AIRLINE PIKE. Today local road officials call it the STEWART ROAD.....Some people yet today are prone to call the road to Millhousen--the MADISON ROAD.....The road from Star Church to St. Omer is also known as the BROOKVILLE ROAD--which gives us another road to Franklin county.

* * * * *

THE LAST MEETING--Sunday October 24th came and the Historical Society met at St. Mary's School in Millhousen for their annual Fall Field Trip.....Although the sky was gray and the wind was sharp, over two hundred brave members arrived promptly at the appointed hour.....After a cordial welcome by the Rev. Father Riebenthaler, pastor of The Immaculate Conception Church of Millhousen and instructions from President John Parker as to the route to be followed, the eager group set forth.....The first stop was at the beautiful old historic church built in 1868 on ground donated by Maximillian Schneider for the establishment of a town and a church. Here Father Riebenthaler spoke briefly on the history of the church and explained the significance of the paintings, real treasures that they are, almost one hundred years old. Sitting in this lovely old church with the afternoon sun shining through the long beautiful stained glass windows, imported from Germany many years ago- was a memorable occasion for the members present.....Following this, the long caravan started out for the next point of interest and although it was a "wrong-way Harrigan" affair, all arrived at the point designated without mishap. Here the sturdy and sure-footed ones took off afoot on a rugged trek of about a quarter of a mile, to observe an unusual rock formation on the crest of a hill, known locally as Pompey's Pillar. Everyone was charmed with the magnificent view from this eminence.....The next point to be visited was the former Ben Feldman home, situated at the East limits of Millhousen. This palatial home was built in 1854 by Barney Hardebeck, who was a prominent and prosperous resident of the town in its early days. He operated the woolen mill there. This large handsome brick structure, not occupied at the present time, had long been a show place in the community. Of special interest to the members was the beautiful woodwork, all fashioned by hand and every room had its fireplace. All left wishing that they might acquire this lovely old place and have a hand in its restoration.....The last stop was at the Knights of St. John Hall where the traditional coffee and doughnuts were served by the Ladies Auxiliary. Monsignor George Moorman, retired Catholic clergyman, now living in Millhousen, here reviewed the early history of the community in his scholarly way. Mr. Will Scheidler, a native and a member of the Society, who had arranged the tour, told in a lighter vein, many amusing but interesting incidents concerning his early life in Millhousen.....This brought to a close

another successful field trip. The warm welcome extended the Society by the fine people of Millhousen will always be remembered!

- CONTRIBUTED.

POMPEY'S PILLAR- A Corinthian column of red granite nearly 100 feet high erected at Alexandria by Publius, Prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian and to record the conquest of Alexandria in 296. It has about as much right to be called Pompey's Pillar as the obelisk of Heliopolis, erected by Rameses II at Alexandria, has to be called Cleopatra's Needle- BREWERS DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE.

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OLD TIME POLITICS

(Greensburg Daily News circa 1950)

Mr. Milquetoast played no part in political contests of Decatur county two generations ago. Living persons (who expose their ages by recalling events of half a century ago) can easily imagine the amusement and amazement with which Alex Porter and Polk Thomson would view today's political skirmishes.

In those days Decatur county was disputed territory. Election day would see one side sweep into office with a triumphant shout, and the next would see it go out on its ears. Now, with Republicans occupying the courthouse and Democrats entrenched in the White House on long-term leases, it is interesting to speculate on the methods or conditions that have brought about these results. They may be due to one or the other but more likely to a combination.

Without benefit of automobiles, microphones, radio, television or paper match advertising, the oldtimers took off their gloves early in the campaign and slugged it out till the polls closed.

No Distaff Aid

Organization was as nearly airtight as human nature permitted. County chairmen had their lieutenants in the townships, sergeants in the precincts and ward-healers in the alleys. There was a hand on the pulse--and the purse--of every partisan. Women were allowed no part in the line-up, not even as stenographers or secretaries--the game was too rough.

Jackson township was a solid-south of Democracy, as Fugit township was the county's Vermont.

Like all youths of 21, I was promptly enlisted on the side to which my father and grandfathers had paid allegiance, and I found the game exciting. The ways and means were revealed to me gradually, sometimes with a shock. Having, by this time, learned to read and write, I was at once made secretary of my first Democratic convention.

I recall an occasion, after I got to be a newspaper reporter, when I began to learn that the path of political rectitude is not the shortest distance between two points.

It was after working hours, and in company with two other enthusiastic young Democrats I was making a tour of voting places. We saw some money change hands in an alley but we couldn't prove anything. And then we made the Big Discovery. We got right down to a run to headquarters and blabbed in the chairman's ear:

"That Republican judge over in the Fourth (or maybe it was the Fifth) precinct has just destroyed 15 ballots while the Democrat watcher was taking a nap. We've got proof of it too. He can be sent to the pen, can't he?"

"Well," our chairman said, "I just wouldn't say anything about it, boys. We hafta do that kind of thing too sometimes."

On another occasion, in mid-afternoon on election day (with all of Greensburg's 21 saloons closed tighter'n a boot) a courier came running to headquarters with the disconcerting announcement: "Boys, we're clear outa whisky in the Fourth Ward."

Extravagance Rapped

My memory does not go back to the campaigns when Republicans and Democrats fought over the relative merits of hickory saplings and poplar saplings as flag-poles, but I do recall one old German Democrat who had fallen out with Cleveland's fiscal policies. He was quoted as having charged: "He's spent t'ree t'ousand dollars already, and now he's askin' for t'ree t'ousand more."

And I'll never forgive that slick-tongued book-agent who talked me into paying \$1.75 for Bryan's "First Battle," a publication that followed his first "16 to 1" campaign, chiefly devoted to glorifying the Bryan family. I was 14, crazy about books, and intent on accumulating a library of valuable books. I'm still sore about it.

So far as I know, the only thing John Osborn ever got out of his youthful endeavors in behalf of Bryan was a telephone number. And this is how it came about: Under the old phone system John's number was one-two-one, and when the four-figure system was installed somebody recalled John's old monetary battle-cry and dropped in the "six," making it "1621."

"Independent" newspapers were not highly regarded in the old days when the New Era put up its valiant year-round fight against the Standard and Review. Items of ordinary news were politically colored. Dr. S. V. Wright, in his Prohibition paper, stood out against all three.

H. B. Sherman's Oratory

Bankers and lawyers however, were smarter from the business point of view. Nearly every law firm was made up of one Democrat and one Republican, and the banks sought a fair balance on their official roster.

Henry B. Sherman, preacher, justice of the peace and auctioneer, was Decatur county's representative in the state legislature at the same time that Booth Tarkington served for Marion county. Booth, shy and self-conscious told in later years how he envied the brazen volubility of his fellow Republican from Decatur county, who always was ready to go off on an oratorical flight at the drop of a campaign button.

Tarkington wrote a Saturday Evening Post article on his legislature experience, telling his favorite story of Sherman's forensic eulogy on "Indiana." (I repeat it here in the belief that some News reader may be young enough not to have heard it.)

"The great state of Indiana," roared Sherman in his peroration, "goes down the road with her head up and her tail over the dashboard!"

- S. F.

* * * * *

AN APPEAL- Mrs. Roscoe C. O'Byrne of Brookville, on behalf of D. A. R., requests information on the following men who are listed as Revolutionary War Soldiers buried in Decatur County. If any descendants of any of these men have information, please direct same to Mrs. Charles (Vida) Loucks of Greensburg, who will forward this information to Mrs. O'Byrne. The list is as follows:

	Samuel Brown	Archibald Bennet	John Shuttle
	***** Cooper	Ralph Cassell	Theodore Webb
	James Crawford	Elijah Devore	Harraway Owen
Radio	John Gilliland	James Hobbs	***** Wheeler
a ra	***** Kirby	William Layton	Francis McIntosh
WFBM	Icabod Parker	Stephen Parnell	John Newton
Indi			
and			
peri			
Anti			

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COMMITTEES

Arrangements

Mrs. Nolan Skinner

Decorations

Miss Milicent Huber, ch.

Mrs. Charles Walls

Display

William Parker, ch.

Ivan Bailey

D. D. Dickson

Paul H. Huber

Registration

Mrs. Nolan Skinner, ch.

Miss Gladys Aldrich

Reception

Ivan Bailey, ch.

Mrs. Walter Lowe

Mrs. James Shannon

Nominating

Donald Minning, ch.

Miss Gladys Aldrich

Mrs. Frank Clark

Audit

Miss Mary Craig, ch.

Mrs. Bertha Alexander

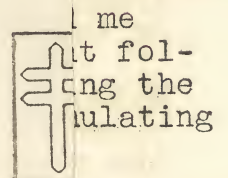
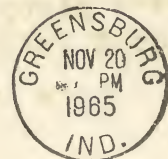
Mrs. Elbert Richards

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It has been suggested that the trouble with each generation, is that it hasn't read the minutes of the last meeting- NUSSBAUM

THE DISPLAY- As in the past, there is to be a display at the dinner meeting. In keeping with the program, it is planned to have a show of antiques. With the members cooperating- this can, as before, be an interesting feature of the meeting. Please bring your best piece- something different and unique!

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF DECATUR COUNTY
GREENSBURG, INDIANA



159 Mr. Orville Pitts
R. R. 1
Greensburg, Indiana